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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME X — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1934 — NUMBER 43

HISTORY OF INDIANA—SECTION OF A MURAL BY THOMAS BENTON

"He is, like Dreiser in the novel and O'Neill in the theatre, a pioneering force in American art."—From "Modern Art," by Thomas Craven.

Modern Art and Its Personalities

MODERN ART: The Men, The Movements, The Meaning. By Thomas Craven. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1934. $3.75.

Reviewed by VIRGIL BARKER

IN his new book Mr. Craven takes three hundred and seventy-eight pages to traverse the period which he compressed into the last fifty pages of his deservedly successful "Men of Art" published three years ago. This enlargement of scale has permitted him not only a fuller treatment of the painters previously discussed but also the inclusion of other artists previously omitted and, even more importantly, the development of an argument affecting the production of art in America today.

Readers of the former volume must have become sufficiently aware of Mr. Craven's dislike for modernism, since it was vigorously and frequently expressed. But few among them would have predicted the extremities of denunciation to which he goes in this elaborate reworking of this theme. Denunciation is any writer's privilege, even if—or because—he enjoys it; but denunciatory and eulogistic writing alike fall short of being criticism. Mr. Craven is the passionate advocate of a real way of artistic salvation who thinks it necessary to denounce what seem to him ways of artistic damnation.

Certainly a rectification of the overworship of the French modernists in general is overdue. Certainly, also, the cliques which Mr. Craven dislikes are largely wrongheaded in theory and petty in practice. But there is more to be said for "pure" art than Mr. Craven will admit. Its social significance may be largely negative, testifying mainly to unsatisfactory conditions in life at large; but it has also in some instances achieved an intrinsic quality which, however limited in its appeal, is likely to last. Again, it is precisely the nature of Picasso's experience, its limitation to the analysis of technical methods, which has given him his hold on so many other painters; and the stimulus his work has afforded them, however narrow in itself, has been technically liberating more often than enslaving. The work of Matisse, immediately as well as ultimately, can fend for itself against Mr. Craven's

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Apostrophe

By ROBERT HILLYER

WOODSTOCK bells, ringing far away! I hear you;
I apostrophize your ringing, you are one
With triteness and high rhetoric and truth.
Over blue hills I hear you, and I see
The Thompson spire shine white against the hills.
I should not write this. Bells, you are forbidden,
And Sunday morning peace, and love of home.
But being at home with my love sitting beside me,
And hearing my son laugh because time has taught him
Nothing but laughter so far and lively words,
I can not ponder on Vienna, Moscow,
London, nor any capital but this.
Come, let us be banal, my spirit, let us
Sprawl sunwise glorying in our birth and fortune,
Snobs of the cosmos, utterly condemned,
And not averse to these adept iambics,
Bells ringing far away, you know my garden
Has without zealousness brought forth a maze,
Fanfares of bloom to daunt my neighbor's acres;
How without benefit of zealousness
On Man's part, here and there are happy men.
Dear garden country! do thou bloom for ever,
Always archaic for the sake of those
Who in their better time shall find themselves
Quite safe in time in spite of time's caprices.
What are these names? Hitler? Stalin? Freud?
Marx and his pimply emissaries? We,
Said Queen Victoria, are not amused;—
And so would say all poets, if they dared.
O bells from Woodstock and from Thompson, ring!
Pomfret will hear you where three happy people
Compose these foolish verses in the sun.

Robert Hillyer has just been awarded the Pulitzer Prize for poetry for his "Collected Verse," published by Knopf last year.

Problems of a Novelist

BY H. M. TOMLINSON

SOME people write novels, while others are born novelists. The latter, apart from their novels, are recognized with ease when they venture to write anything else. Yet strangely enough a writer who is not a novelist born is expected to make a novel as though he were. Why should he, when he cannot always read with pleasure novels that are said to embody the necessary attributes of good fiction? And why should he try to do it, when the reason which counsels him to shape his idea as a story warns him, at the same time, that the form and measure of the novel as born novelists do it certainly would not accord with what he has in mind?

It is probable that such a writer is not thinking of the circulation his book is likely to reach; nor would he feel buoyant if he did. He merely submits to the compulsion of an idea, and allows that to have its inherent consequences. Nevertheless, he cannot forget—not one of us can forget it while there are publishers' advertisements—that the novel is the best known and most profitable of literary products. For that reason it has settled into a conventional shape, and so is read by its consumers as readily as the homely label on their favorite breakfast food. Born novelists, therefore, not only supply a market in regularity with a product about which there can be no more dubiety as to smell, color, and shape, than there need be over a trilogy, or three boxes of bland and familiar nourishment; in addition, they establish an orthodoxy, which it is ridiculous to question, for it is also a trade custom, and trade customs are more important than most religious rites; they are never challenged except by reckless fools. This means that a novelist, not born in that happy estate, but who merely judges that a notion he is entertaining would show more appropriately as a story, may learn that though his effort, when finished, bears some resemblance to a book, yet it is not seen at once to be a novel.

But what is a novel? There are a fair number of excellent critical works on that subject, and we gather from them that a novel should tell a story; though, as that excellent critic Mr. E. M. Forster once admitted with a sigh, that is a pity. Mr. Forster was not born a novelist, of course, but is a writer who has written novels, and so he sighs. A novel should tell a story.

But how? In solving that riddle a writer is forced to show whether his work is the expression of exploring thought, which has to go out of bounds, or whether he prefers to keep to what can be classed at a glance by a bookseller's apprentice. Though the decision of the apprentice may be abrupt and conclusive, we good readers ought not to dismiss a novel in petulance as erroneous because it does not conform in all respects to the style and divisions, say of the restaurant table to which we are accustomed. As readers we should remember that when we adventure our minds we do as well as the writer who gave us the nudge to be off. For the novel, that difficult form of literature which evades exact definition, is not only and always a transcript of life at once known and easily read. It may be a new expression of life made manifest by the compulsion of adventuring spirit; and so it needs must, as it grows from within, change its outer form.

Now as to the possibilities merely of its form I am sure the art of the cinematograph will drastically affect the novel of the future. We have a new habit of watching reflections of life on the bright screen, and the transitions can be as abrupt there as a flash, and an episode is often but indicated in a symbol. We are becoming used to the economy of allegory and parable; and are expected, in the picture palace, to be spontaneous in mocking time and space. If those facts do not worry the born novelist about his future then they should. At present he does not care, for the current screen, still parasitic on literature, and rarely daring towards its own freedom, is too often only a by-product of the popular novel. Still, one knows that the public is already giving cinema magnates grave concern for the safety of the investments in the cinematograph, and out of their desperate guessing at what the public wants, and what will save the funds, the original power of the film may presently emerge. When it comes, the conventional novel will be as appetizing in the market place as what went into the discard last year. The born novelist will find some day, and the sooner the better, that his leisurely chapters, about which he wanders as indolently as a fond host who must show his guests all the curios and funny things he has had the luck to collect; his gradual transitions, as though he were afraid his readers would lose themselves unless he led them from one room to another, and saw them to bed every night; that prodigality of his with particulars, which is no more than the proof that his mind is cumbered with irrelevancies and that he is unable to integrate quickly because his philosophic background is a starless void, all that will grow tedious to readers whose measure has been quickened by the reading of symbols, and who have learned at last that drama, no matter how long and pretentious, is no better than playing knucklebones if it have no significance.

When that day comes, the writer of a

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SUPERSTITION CORNER
By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH
Reviewed by Stanley Went

OHIO STEAMBOAT
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

THE LIFE OF OUR LORD
By CHARLES DICKENS
Reviewed by William Lyon Phelps, Stephen Leacock, Alfred H. Holt, John Haynes Holmes, Louis I. Newman, and others.

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novel will find that he has to give as much care to his writing as is now given by technical experts to the lighting of material in the film studio. I have seen films in which the incidence of light upon objects should shame the way the thing is done upon the printed page. I mean, in fact, that good writing is not now looked for in a novel. It is no longer wanted there. The only virtue in a novel, to bring about a chorus of praise, need be but a mystical something which has been named "vitality." I never doubt that it is there, when I am told it is, though I do not know its nature. Certainly it exists, this gusto or vitality, for I have had a novel thrust eagerly into my hand with the joyous cry, "you must read that," only to find that the book had, for me, the consistency and attraction of cold porridge, pale and glutinous. Nourishing stuff, too, with molasses, for those who can manage it.

Perhaps a born novelist has too much to write, to be able to write. He dare not pause to reflect and select. He must go on, and all must go down; and, while he is able to maintain the suspense of his admirers, he need not bother about his transitional passages in which the urge of his spirit is feeble. No, it is not every novelist who is born with the Gargantuan gusto, with the comic spirit sparkling in him by tireless and uncanny power, and with the overwhelming energy, of improvident Dickens, who went on talking without a stop while adding to the number of people we know by shaking his sleeves over the floor. I should like to hear what reason there is, then, for the general application of a lower standard of criticism to the novel than to poetry. I cannot see why it should be let off like wall-paper for an unimportant room. I have never been able to find a reason for a lower standard, except that the novel is now a commercial commodity; and evidently to measure a packet for the market by the standard for literature would be absurd. It was only recently that a popular novelist, whose fecundity is such that he has time even to judge in public the works of other aid of the effort of one of them no good. That is to say, it was well. He quoted a passage to point. "No novelist," he com- mented, "writes as well as that—but then, no novelist wants to."

What did he mean by that confession, so delightfully unconscious and revealing? That he knows he cannot write well, yet when inditing a narrative finds that his inability is a fact of cheerful aid? Would he rejoice if he were told that he is quite right, and that his prose really has the color and freshness of flowers of wool? We may easily assume that he would not enjoy that. So what compelled his artless confession? I suggest no more than the annoyance of a tradesman over a comparison which might stultify the usual line of goods—a stock now readily saleable—were readers unfortunately to begin to show a finer discrimination.

Strange, that a novelist should think good writing inappropriate to fiction! Very likely such an author reads only contemporary stuff, to learn what his competitors are doing, and so has forgotten the opening chapter of "The Return of the Native," and overlooks much also in recent work which should remind him that a novel may be different from the latest loud noise; but then, the Angel's encounter with the Squire in H. G. Wells's "Wonderful Visit," or the birth of a colt in Stella Benson's "Faraway Bride," incidental passages of that kind, and very many could be quoted, probably would not be considered evidence, for those authors cannot be classified merely as novelists. If only our popular-novelist-critics would pause to reflect that in the history of English fiction there is a book called "The Pilgrim's Progress"; and that it appeared early, and was popular!

There it is. The adventuring of the mind in the novel has ceased. One could almost suppose that the writing of fiction is now little more than the designing of labels for jars of seductive confections; print which is without implications, which shows for what it is, stirs no emotion but only a faint desire, as it stands in rows on the shelves of a shop.

I should say the novel is at least as important a literary form as the essay, worthy in every word of a writer's respect; and for that reason I do not see why a long novel should not run with the ease, humor, allusiveness, and economy of "Mrs. Battle on Whist." Evidently, though, that would mean prayer and fasting, and deriding the urgent appeals of a publisher for an early manuscript. It would take time to grow. And since we have mentioned that lady, will someone now name a character in all recent fiction, all of it, who is as notable as that whist player in her brief appearance—portrayed, too, by a mere essayist—and will live as long? Nor in any recent novel that I have read is there a person so salient, so lively and peculiar, as Mrs. Webb, the American lady who is indicated by Norman Douglas not in a novel, but in what he calls an Autobiographical Excursion. Well, neither was Mr. Douglas born as a novelist; he is but a writer who has written a few novels. He writes a novel only when he feels like it, and never because his publisher prefers fiction to whatever else even a writer of his eminence may do.

It certainly looks as though the writing of fiction is now a trade, with the restrictions invariably compelled by the costly plant needed for a standardized product and by the organization for its wide distribution. The novel has become a profitable medicine for the multitude which suffers from speed, noise, and anxiety; readers need soothing, and the purpose of the novel is just for that. So great is the continuous outpour of fiction that the fact is foundered that the novel, as well as the lyric, belongs to letters. We will admit at once that there is no more reason why nervous instability in soft humanity for it is only since the year before last, so to speak, that everybody learned to read. That public is of immense value to the book trade; more than that, it is also the deciding political power in a civilization distracted by contrary opinions at a time when Law is again in conflict with Anarchy. In Great Britain it was Lord Northcliffe who discovered the virtue in the Education Act of 1870, and of the profit to be made out of words of not more than two syllables. He sank a trial shaft, as it were, into the subterranean, and there resulted a terrific and highly inimical and unexpected gusher. The hidden instincts, the emotions of "the masses" which have such startling results when release is found for them, are an aspect of modern reality, and are ignored at our peril. Yet I do not see that an artist can do more than note it, as he would the look of the weather, which he cannot change. He accepts the fact that the editor of a popular periodical circulates more print in a morning than all the poets and prophets in many years. But what of it, to literary critics? This matter of popularity, of speed and output and numbers sold, the joy of the trade, is fit only for personal gossip in the newspapers, and to help build nests for hurrahs.

All that has only to do with a modern delight in high speed and monstrous things. It is a form of our lunacy. In any case, what the public wants has nothing to do with either writer or critic. Doubtless we should like to know what it wants; but we shall never know; nobody will ever know. Does it really want anything? Moreover, there must be at least a hundred different publics. Success in sales,

H. M. TOMLINSON SITTING FOR THE SCULPTOR, SAVA BOTZARIS

caused by the greater speed and worsened monotony of life should be denied an anodyne in printed matter than that it should be denied other physics. It must have the stuff—it ought to have it. Anything that helps is good to have. But the careless benevolence of the critics, some of whom supply the stuff, is another theme. If they are not watchful they will lose their sense of smell, and good and bad will become the same to them. They plead, rightly, that it is too much to ask them now to judge novels as books. They must lower the standard to save their lives. Life is not long enough for the task. That difficulty is understood, and what they had better do about it is not my affair—because I guess that here is a matter of conscience—but it is certain that, as things are, the unique qualities of such a writer as was Stella Benson all but vanish in the flood of print with the fact that a novel should show that it is known that literature exists; the virtues of civilizing wit of her kind are lost to sight, except that a few anxious watchers hail a treasure just showing now and then in the hurrying flotsam but fail to get the attention that would rescue it.

No doubt it is a matter of conscience, for it concerns a standard of values. As to that it would not do for an outsider to interfere. But here we are. A new vast reading public has been discovered, and so far it is shy of any books but fiction. It knows nothing of literature and art; the hundredth edition and so on, though desirable (how very desirable!) may mean just so many sold, but nothing else; for the rest, its value may be no more lasting than the surviving wrappers of the chewing gum of last Sunday's picnic.

And here is the natural place to confess that any poet, dramatist, or novelist, who declares that he is indifferent whether or not people give him attention, is either an ass or a liar; anyhow, he is not natural. When you have something to say, as a rational man you are gratified if people give you good audience, when you speak up. Yet if they will not. . . ! There is nothing to do but to turn from the threatening mystery, and give the public what you think it ought to know, in the best way that can be devised. Literature is an expression of life. It does not change its real value in the market place; that value remains; yet it may have no more current value there than the ticket you forgot to buy for the sweepstake.

It seems to me that with the world as it is the critic of letters, as much as president, premier, and bishop, is under a heavy responsibility; much more onerous than he shows that he knows, usually. If he have any care for the temple, then he had better watch and pray. All his knowledge and virtues are needed. An easy indifference now to false values may end in the overthrow of the pillars and the shrines where the best that men have done has been kept in memory.

The problems of only a novelist are involved in the vast movements of a world now in rapid and remarkable change. I saw this revolution coming forty years ago, and helped, as well as I could, to make it. I thought I knew what it would be like; but I did not. As a writer and revolutionist I was wrong. I saw it coming as the triumph of mind and good will. It proves to be a revolution against reason; an orgy of violent emotions instead, with good will an object of hate, as treasonable. Men and women, in the chaos of a world that has upheaved, have become strangely tired of using the mind. Nothing but trouble seems to come of using knowledge and intelligence. The mind is in disgrace, these days.

In the war to make the world safe for democracy, the first casualty was democracy; that fell vitally hit with the opening of gun-fire. It was not even decently buried. It was kicked into a ditch. Away went all the safeguards, so laboriously gained, not only of health and home, but of the freedom to be as intelligent as possible. Over the greater part of Europe today those safeguards and that freedom have merged with the wreckage of the battlegrounds. We have retrogressed to barbarism. We have turned to the dark gods; to Juggernaut again. A new idea has become fascinating to men. They do not want liberty, and especially they refuse it to the mind. They have faith instead in a mystical doctrine that we should all be alike, that a community should act as one man. It is forgotten that when the Gadarene swine went down the steep place they went united as one pig. And the devil which united them was Fear.

It seems, then, there are problems enough for a novelist, though they are not those invariably discerned by the critics. A novel, we agree with Mr. Forster, should tell a story. But it may well be a very rum story, with the world as we know it. The problems of the novel would become easier, for serious writers, if critics remembered first principles: that, for one thing, the novel is but narration, as is the essay; and that both, (I would say in parenthesis) are but autobiography, the critical relation of selected experience, should that have significance for others. There is in the novel, as in all narrative, the chance to explore the possibilities of English prose, an adventure as difficult and ominous as attempting to fly over Everest. I can see today every justification for another little effort there into the unknown; for still another attempt upon chaos and old night. The writing of fiction should be classed as a dangerous occupation, unsuited to those who are still practising upon English with their careless and juvenile hoop-iron.

To me, as a rebel, tradition means a great deal. I do not think I can explain that; or not briefly. There is a story I recall of a master-mariner of the '40's, and that may help. He would make his barque's departure from a Cornish headland, bound towards the Hoogly. For two months he would not see land; not a loom of it. He would have to judge leeway, keep ever wary of his chronometers, solve his doubts of the compass. There would be the courage of his seamanship, his science in the use of the charts, in weather-lore, and in reading the sun, moon, and stars. He was a lonely man; the responsibility was his. He had to make a right course, as near as he could judge it, by the use of his mind upon all the discoveries of science in the navigation of a ship. There would be days when he would not have a sight of a heavenly body, while his ship was driving through a tumultuous gloom. To all appearance, he was lost.

One night that ship's master would appear on the quarterdeck, and say to the officer of the watch, "Send a man into the fore-rigging. The Hoogly light should be showing two points on the starboard bow." Up the man would shin; and he would be hardly aloft before he would cry: "Light on the starboard bow, two points!"

No anarchy there. No trusting solely to intuition and the divinity of the instincts. No deference to the mob. Only the bold and skilful use of the best knowledge, and an austere regard in solitude for honor of a tradition. He found the desired mark that way, and so discharged his responsibility to society.

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The Odyssey of Samuel Hadlock

GOD'S POCKET. By Rachel Field. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by ARTHUR TRAIN

FOR genuine human interest this literary-biographical oddment of Miss Field's, in which she so charmingly reconstructs the romantic story of Samuel Hadlock of Cranberry Island, Maine, sealer, Arctic adventurer, and showman extraordinary among the kings and queens of Europe, is worth more than a bushel basket of dialect or regional novels.

Over that rocky, pine-clad coast, gritty with sunlight, hovers many a strange and oft fantastic legend,—of how Talleyrand was conceived and born in the town of Somesville on Mt. Desert, of Kidd's treasure cached among the cliffs of far outlying islands, of sailors who became kinggods of cannibal tribes in the South Seas, of whole towns engulfed by the encroaching forest and lost forever. But none has half the kick of this gorgeous, fully authenticated yarn, based on the hero's diary written in his own picturesque orthography in a couple of old blue lined copy books, of how a shrewd, self-assured, and altogether engaging Cranberry Islander, by profession a sailor and whaler, determined to seek his fortune in foreign lands by exhibiting a couple of Esquimaux along with a collection of native Arctic weapons, utensils, and trophies, at the great fairs of Europe.

How he did so, caravaning with his little show through England, Ireland, and later through France and the war-devastated independent States of Germany during the post-Napoleonic era, at first coining money hand over fist—"At Lipsick my reseates ware $1500 and on Sunday in the afternoon I put the Indian on the water for the last time in this town whare I took $600 in 2 owers"—how he fell in love at first sight with, married over her father's rigorous opposition, and carried away the "buttifull" Dorothea, petite blonde daughter of an influential burgher of Charlottenburg (who later lived for over half a century on Mt. Desert and is still referred to there as "the Prussian Lady"), how he "shott" his exhibition in London, Paris, Dresden, Vienna, Prague, and Munich before delighted kings and queens and received a golden snuff box from King Frederick of Saxony as a token of his regard, only in the end to lose his troop and most of his money

CAPTAIN SAMUEL HADLOCK
From a daguerreotype

($4,000) between Munich and Paris, and—his show "a flop"—sailed back with his young bride to his island home, is recounted by him with keen observation, homely philosophy, and poignant phrases. Miss Field completes this narrative of adventure with an account of the subsequent tragedy of the ill-fated *Minerva* on which in 1829, with seventeen of his fellow islanders, he sailed away into the Arctic seas in the hope of recouping his fortune, never to return.

Miss Field first heard the Odyssey of Samuel Hadlock from the withered lips of an Ancient Mariner, Samuel Sanford, his grandson. To her faithful hands the old man (who must have had prescience of his death which occurred only two days later) transmitted the original diary, which she supplemented from documents and information supplied by William O. Sawtelle, organizer and custodian of the Isleford Museum Collection.

One at first regrets, then admires, the restraint with which she has utilized her material. There is no fiction in this chronicle. Every word is true, and there lies its value. The reader cannot fail to supplement it by his own imagination.

Were I a professional reviewer, I should very likely allege that after these old eyes had picked "God's Pocket" I threw my hat in the air, turned handsprings, or performed some similar critical antic; not being one of the brethren I shall only state that I have read it three times with increasing satisfaction, admiration for the author's literary skill, and even more for her discriminating and balanced mind. I wonder if Miss Field really knows how well she can write.

> The tide was in, and the small cove so full of sea that the spruces on the sheltering point were almost wading in their own reflections.

This little book has the rare quality of literary integrity. Written with humor and insight, besides being an intensely human document, it casts an invaluable sidelight upon the ways and types of New England character, putting not only the flesh on the dry bones of history, but life into its lungs. It is real stuff.

Literary Snob-Fodder

POST-BAG DIVERSIONS. A collection of letters written to E. V. Lucas. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1934. $2.75.

Reviewed by E. ARNOT ROBERTSON

A cherry stone, some orange peel:
The butt of a cigar;
Once trodden by a princely heel—
How beautiful they are.

HAVING once had occasion to write a brief and totally uninteresting note to Mr. Lucas, I did not at first think of looking in the index of this collection of his in-coming correspondence to see if he had included any excerpts from it, such as "Thank you for the address . . . Yours very truly." When I was about a quarter of the way through the book I turned to the end to make sure; but it is not there. I am not so much surprised by this omission as dejected; it proves that I am not a celebrity. From every other point of view—wit, style and literary value—my "Thank you . . . Yours very truly" could have held its own in the collection, which the publishers have described as "Delightful Indiscretions Written to E. V. Lucas." The indiscretion is theirs and Mr. Lucas's.

Few letters are of any interest save to the person for whom they were written: most of these are by well known writers, and it is conceivable that the book may be highly prized by those who never tire of noticing that, great and small, we are all much alike in private, really.

"Do you like carp? Not to eat but to feed. There are a lot in the pond here. One is called William Rufus and another is called Rufus Isaaks." It would be hard on Maurice Baring, author of these casual remarks intended for no eye but his friend's, to pick out one of his letters for lonely quotation, for though chosen at random it might be suspected of being the most pointless, and this is not so; some people enjoy whimsy. For fairness' sake, then, here is one from Frederick Lonsdale:

> I am so sorry I won't be able to dine with you tomorrow, as I am leaving for Jersey tonight. I am going over to prepare those Jerseymen for your visit in July. You have no idea how long it takes a Jerseyman to get red carpet. As soon as I come back I will let you know. If at any time you want twenty thousand pounds, my address there is the Palace Hotel.

And one from William Bateson:

> My contemporaries are republishing their scraps as books, and sometimes I think of doing the same. When I get back I will see what I have and put them before you. There may be just enough to keep two covers from touching. No doubt a publisher would ask for a bit of red meat to eke out the cold orts. If so, I must wait.

Mr. Lucas, apparently, has not the same view of publishers.

A Mighty Cliff of a Man

BEN JONSON. By John Palmer. New York: The Viking Press. 1934. $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE last line of Mr. Palmer's excellent biography of Jonson is significant: "With Jonson's death the English Renaissance had ceased to be an inspiration and became an episode." It was probably the greatest episode in the history of English literature. It gave us Shakespeare, and a flowering of such dramatic poetry as has never since been equalled upon the English-speaking stage. In Jonson, particularly, it gave us comedy so sturdy that his "Volpone" is still current upon the stage, as witness the Theatre Guild's production of it a few years ago.

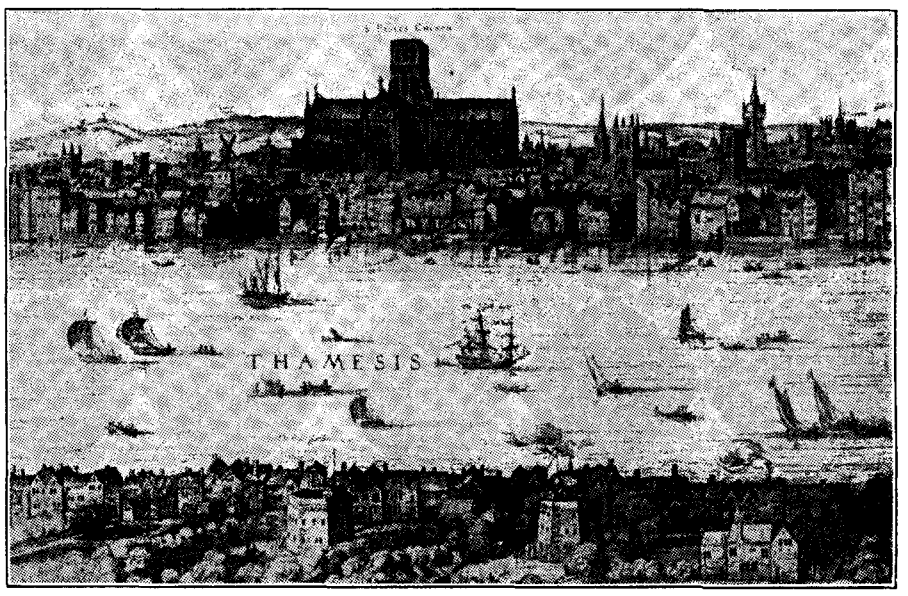
Though the poet laureateship of England, in the time of Jonson, was by no means a definite post, yet, as Edmund Blunden says, "he actually did receive patents in 1616 and 1630, the former pensioning him, the latter increasing the pension and appropriately adding a yearly tierce of canary," so that he has been loosely accepted by many as England's first poet laureate.

Jonson was no successful courtier; his spirit was too independent; but he is associated in the public mind, and ever will be, with the ingenuity he brought to the fashioning of court masques. "No one," says Émile Legouis, "composed a greater number of books of words for the magnificent operas which were then the supreme luxury of the king [James I] and his lords. No one turned them more cleverly, wrote them better or gave them more variety or charm."

The production of masques brought Jonson his livelihood, for Mr. Palmer tells us that in forty years he "made no more than two hundred pounds out of his plays." But while King James lived he had a noble patron, and whereas Jonson was never paid more than ten pounds for a play "the Lord High Treasurer might be required to disburse as much as forty pounds for a mask." And despite the fact that Jonson prided himself upon his realism and drew the characters in his ferocious satires chiefly from "low life," there was, Mr. Palmer points out, through the weight of his scholarship, a formal abstraction in the midst of the incessant activity of his plays which obstructed his popularity with the general public. Never did he stoop to the groundlings. In fact he often lectured them arrogantly in prefaces. Bernard Shaw, in our own time, was never more sure of himself. Therefore, as "the amateur status of the mask fitted his disposition," Jonson was unusually fortunate in becoming "Apollo's priest among the lords and ladies." But it never corrupted his genius. Though from it he derived a very necessary emolument, he remained to the last a dedicated poet.

Mr. Palmer, who has already given us a brilliant study of Molière, draws from Jonson's various playwrighting and from his poetry, numerous soundly analyzed indications of the character of the man, until he emerges full-rounded, full of life, and indubitably great even in the defects of his virtues. The study of Jonson's peculiar contribution to the drama, in his comedies of the humours, leaves nothing more to be said. Jonson's several tragedies undergo an analysis, with notable commentary upon the use he made of his remarkable scholarship, which justly weighs merits against demerits. The masterpieces, "Volpone," "The Silent Woman," and "The Alchemist," occupy a most interesting chapter; and "Bartholomew Fair" has a chapter to itself, in that it is shown to be a work so significant of the period as to merit rescue from the antiquarians. "For this," says Mr. Palmer, "is England's carnival or farewell to flesh." It is in this chapter that the Puritan attack upon the theatre, prior to the Civil Wars, is discussed with beautiful clarity and equity:

> The new morality was in essentials based on the assumption that men might be improved by consistently pretending to be better than they were. Possibly there is something to be said for the assumption that only by a resolute hypocrisy can men or nations ever hope to improve their hearts and minds. Unfortunately the theory is seldom honestly defended. The inhibitionists prefer to claim for their negations that they represent a positive state of grace. This, in fact, was the real issue between the humanists and the Puritans.



ST. PAUL'S AND BANKSIDE IN 1616
Detail of Visscher's map, from "Ben Jonson."

Jonson, though for some years a Catholic, inasmuch as in the words of Drummond of Hawthornden, he was "for any religion, as being versed in both," stood to the end of his life for "the claims of intellect and sensibility working towards a free development of human faculty." In our own day, and with the conflict removed to different ground, the war between a free spiritual energy and a discipline that would cast it into bondage, still goes on. The comedy of "Bartholomew Fair," still has much meaning for us.

A mighty cliff of a man, this Ben Jonson! Jonson the bricklayer, the man with no university education, who was yet the greatest Greek and Latin scholar of his time; Jonson the classicist, who was yet one of the greatest realists of his day, familiar with all walks of life, from the stews to the palace, significant portrayer of tinkers and tapsters, cheats and termagants, gulls and bawds; Jonson the savage satirist, cramming his stage with the ragtag and bobtail of humanity, yet also furnishing forth endless fantasy for Inigo Jones's court spectacles, and writing, out of the inspiration of his enormous classical learning, lyrics among the most beautiful of the seventeenth century; Jonson the concentrated logician, building even his most delicately airy poems from initial prose drafts; Jonson the taverner with a manful thirst, gathering about him through sheer force of personality the greatly gifted Sons of Ben! In Mr. Palmer's account of his life, which is scholarly yet never pedantic, thoroughly and precisely documented yet never dry, enthusiastic yet compact of sound sense, this Ben Jonson is furnished a memorial mature in intelligence and most praiseworthy in its proportion and understanding.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Subscription rates per year, postpaid in the U. S. and Pan-American Postal Union, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere $4.50. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 10. No. 43.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

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The Pulitzer Prize Winners

The Pulitzer Prizes were announced this week officially, and by Broadway gossips last week. It is strange that these awards, which are in the control of a School of Journalism, should invariably slip out in advance leaving a trail of broken promises behind them.

The Pulitzer prizes have had an honorable, if somewhat stormy history. In spite of well-remembered and sometimes cardinal errors in the past, they have carried a prestige out of proportion to their monetary value, especially in belles lettres. In fiction particularly the crown they confer is felt to be of far greater importance than all the publishers' prizes, some of which are very large, added together. They clearly constitute a trusteeship of unusual importance.

Thanks to prejudice, or sharp difference of opinion, or plain ignorance of the best books or plays, even the best administered prizes will sometimes be conferred upon the wrong candidates. Human nature being what it is, and literature being never static but always in flux, accidents will occur. But what is inexcusable in important awards is a trend toward mediocrity, or a drift away from the vital currents of literary growth. Signs of such a trend and such a drift have been evident in some of the Pulitzer awards of the last few years; they are particularly evident in this year's list.

Some of the most respected judges of literature and scholarship in the country are upon the list of advisory committees and the board of control of the Pulitzer Prizes; nevertheless, certain recent awards lead to the inevitable conclusion that either the method of selection is all wrong or there are upon these committees men incapable of passing upon the world as it is in our time. As for the method, it is clear that this year the bad judgment displayed did not result merely from the overruling of two of the advisory committees by the board of control. Some of these committees supposed to pass upon contemporary writing exhibit a patent and painful remoteness from the contemporary; and what is quite as dangerous, a tendency to pass over writers who arouse controversy and vitally belong to the formative influences of their epoch, in favor of the conventional, the genteel, and the harmlessly popular. The bad practice, now apparently thrown over, of awarding a prize again and again to the same person who is "safe" because his position has been generally recognized, was one way of dodging the problem of deciding for or against a new writer of vitality and importance. Now the disease is breaking out in another place. It is hard to say which is more damaging to the cause of literature, an award which is safe because it merely recrowns the crowned; or an award which is safe from partisan criticism because it goes to respectable competence of talent, good in itself, but in no danger of setting comfortable rivers on fire. Sinclair Lewis was once a hot spot for the Pulitzer Foundation. Robinson Jeffers among poets, Theodore Dreiser and perhaps Ernest Hemingway, among novelists, remain among those who having got their recognition from the world of letters abroad must be accepted by philistine opinion before they become safe for Pulitzer prizes.

The resultant decline to the plane of competent mediocrity is hard upon those who get the award as well as upon those who are denied it. In this year's list, Dennett's life of Hay, while not brilliant, is sound and useful, and no caveat need be entered. Agar's "The People's Choice" is slight by comparison with earlier prize winners in its field, yet it seems generally agreed that this field in '33 was singularly barren. If the prize had to be given, this book seems to have been the only candidate. "Men in White," the play chosen, has no literary value. Its plot is a conventional triangle, its solution more than faintly melodramatic. On the stage, however, its surgical and medical episodes were brilliantly produced. It is a second-rate play made effective by a good producer, not to be compared in dramatic excellence with the extraordinary "Yellow Jack" of Sidney Howard, (the only outstanding play of the year), written, however, by an earlier prizewinner; nor in soundness of dramatic construction and beauty of line with the "Mary of Scotland" for which the advisory committee voted. "Lamb in His Bosom," the novel crowned by the heavy weight of a Pulitzer award, is in the opinion of all critics we have been able to consult a promising story, somewhat synthetic, and of very little artistic significance. When one remembers that 1933 was the year of "Anthony Adverse," "South Moon Under," "As The Earth Turns," "One More Spring," and a group of perhaps a half dozen other really possible candidates, this selection seems unfair to a new author and highly reflective upon those who made the choice. Mr. Hillyer, on the contrary, whose book of poems received a prize, is an experienced and competent poet of talent. His book deserved and got a good reception from the reviewers. But that he represents the movement of contemporary poetical genius, or is important in that literary sense which it is the duty of the Pulitzer judges to distinguish, or that his work belongs in the same category of significance with that, for example, of Robinson Jeffers, few competent critics would assert. If the Pulitzer Prizes in belles lettres are not to lose their prestige they must be administered with more sense of responsibility for, and perhaps more knowledge of, contemporary American literature, and with less distrust of everything but the respectable and the genteel.

The judges in the Atlantic Novel Prize, offered jointly by the Atlantic Monthly Press and Little, Brown and Company, have given the award to Samuel Rogers for his novel, "Dusk at the Grove." This is the first time that the prize has gone to an American writer.

"CAN'T YOU WAIT TILL I FINISH THIS CHAPTER?"

To the Editor: *Mr. Franklin in Rebuttal; Notes on Dion Boucicault*

Ideas and Circumstances

SIR:—My letter, to which Mr. John Chamberlain objects in your issue of April 28, was not a "flank attack" upon his article, but was strictly confined to a single point. He has a perfect right to use Adam Smith as a symbol; and he is right in ascribing the ascendency which Smith's doctrine acquired in England three-score years after its promulgation to the tremendous industrial interests that had arisen in the interval. But as he spoke of its "leading ideas" as having been "shaped in the matrix" of those interests, it was difficult to understand him as not meaning to account for the genesis, but only for the ultimate political ascendency, of those ideas. "The Wealth of Nations," I suppose Mr. Chamberlain will concede, was a book of some importance in the history of economic thought; and it is hardly necessary to hold that "ideas can exist apart from material circumstances" in order to feel it worth while to point out that the free-trade ideas which pervade that book were not shaped by the material circumstances of nineteenth century England, but were the outcome of thinking done in a wholly different eighteenth century environment.

FABIAN FRANKLIN.

New York City.

Classical Melodrama

SIR:—As a student of that neglected *genre*, classical melodrama, may I protest your identification of "The Streets of New York" with "The Ragpicker of Paris"? Boucicault made his play out of another and later Parisian success, "Les Pauvres de Paris" (1856), by Brisebarre and Nus, a team to which we owe the original of "The Ticket-of-Leave Man"—whence Hawkshaw, the detective.

The only point of similarity between the two French plays is a suicide attempt by charcoal fumes, a "sensation scene" which the Irishman used. (The "conflagration" of the house in Five Points, with the real fire-engines and the thrilling rescue of the "papers" from the flames, was his own idea.)

Did you know that "After Dark" was "conveyed" from D'Ennery's "Les Bohémiens de Paris"? In 1843 "Bohémien" had ceased to mean merely a gypsy and had not yet been picked up by Murger (the date of "La Vie de Bohème" is 1848) to designate Rodolphe, Mimi, and their circle. (Thackeray was the first English writer to use the word in a sense of "a person usually of artistic or literary tastes, who lives in a more or less unconventional manner.") Were D'Ennery writing today (in English), he would probably say "chiseler" or "racketeer." His "Bohémiens" were a set of miscellaneous metropolitan casuals—loafers, leeches, "promotors," blackmailers, and confidence men.

Confusion as to the sources of many of Boucicault's melodramas is only natural, since he seldom acknowledged his indebtedness to his French sources. The consequences of his pilferings could be embarrassing at times; in the 50's he adapted a Gallic piece and presented it over his own name until someone drew his attention to the fact that the plot was that of "The Cricket on the Hearth"!

He got himself into more serious trouble when he stole the underground scene from Daly's "Under the Gaslight" for "After Dark." The creator of this stupefying effect promptly sued, and a New York court solemnly handed down the decision that melodramatic characters lashed by villains to railroad tracks in the path of onrushing locomotives were the exclusive property of the plaintiff!

FRANK RAHILL.

Downingtown, Pa.

Problems of the Young Novelist

SIR:—My letter about "Problems of the Young Novelist," in your January 27 *Saturday Review* columns, must have expressed the convictions of hundreds of other young writers like myself. Letters expressing gratitude from writers of kindred mind have come to me from all over the United States and one well-written letter from Tokyo, Japan. I also received letters and telegrams from a number of publishers.... I am starting novel number five perhaps a little wiser from experiences. And I have found some big publishers who are human beings ready to drop a word of honest concrete advice rather than stereotyped generalities.

HERMAN LOWE.

Bowling Green, Kentucky.

Criminals and Campaigns

SIR:—I am collecting titles and material relating to two kinds of American life-literature: biographical and autobiographical histories of rogues and criminals; and "campaign lives," those biographies of presidential candidates which were written and published chiefly for use in national political campaigns. I am especially interested to learn of rare and less readily accessible books, of any year of publication, in these two groups.

DANA K. MERRILL.

431 West Fairmont Ave.
State College, Pennsylvania.

Working Class Movement

SIR:—The International Labor Defense, in preparation for the celebration of its ninth anniversary on June 28, is trying to gather together documentary material on the history of the working class defense movement in the United States. Will you make a request through your columns for all who have such material to forward it to us at room 430, 80 East 11th Street, New York City? We are especially anxious to get such material as the many pamphlets published by the International Labor Defense prior to 1931, and pamphlets and material relating to working class defense committees prior to the founding of the International Labor Defense in 1925.

LOUIS COLMAN.

New York City.

Maine Imprints

SIR:—We are planning to print a supplement to my "Bibliography of Maine Imprints to 1820" this summer, to be distributed free to owners of the original work. I should like to be notified of any titles not in the "Bibliography" that should appear in the supplement.

R. WEBB NOYES.

332 E. William St.,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

The Saturday Review recommends

This List of Current Books:

THE GINGER GRIFFIN. By ANN BRIDGE. *Little, Brown.* A tale of life in diplomatic circles in Peking.

ZOO CAVALCADE. By E. G. BOULENGER. *Dutton.* A history of the evolution of the Zoo from early days to the present.

MODERN ART. By THOMAS CRAVEN. *Simon & Schuster.* Amplifies and supplements its author's "Men of Art."

This Less Recent Book:

THE LAST ADAM. By JAMES GOULD COZZENS. *Harcourt, Brace.* The chronicle of a Connecticut village.

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Thomas Beer

BY EMILY CLARK

IN May 1924 I met Thomas Beer at a luncheon given by the Knopfs. I was an obscure guest at a long tableful of celebrities. I eyed Tom Beer halfway down the table. He did not look forbidding, but merely shy. Later, after lunch, he came to me, with the slightly sidelong, crablike approach which is characteristic of him. He said: "Why is there a literary movement toward Richmond? There is something sinister about it. It is almost like the military movement started in that direction by Grant. I used to think I might go there some day. But it must be very much like the Algonquin." I told him that he must come and see why. He never came. So far as I know he has gone nowhere except to Europe, Nantucket Island, Cleveland, Ohio, in 1929, for information concerning Mark Hanna, and California a few years ago for reasons which I have not been able to determine, but connected, I think, with hygiene, not Hollywood.

I learned during a later winter that he definitely belonged in one of the two classes into which Max Beerbohm has divided the human race. One half of the world, Mr. Beerbohm explains, are hosts, the other half, guests. Tom Beer is, incomparably, a host. That winter he never came to my apartment when invited, but sometimes showed up on quite unforeseen occasions. I grew hesitant about inviting him, because he usually retaliated by saying: "No, *you* meet me at the Meadowbrook instead, on the day after your party." It began to appear that inviting Tom Beer to lunch or dine with me was only an indirect method of inviting myself to lunch or dine with Tom Beer. I developed a delicacy about it. One is delicate with Tom Beer, because, in spite of the virility of his literary and colloquial language, he is sensitive to every shade of feeling apparent in the people he bothers to see at all. And these people are few. He once wrote me: "Exempt me from one American superstition: I never assume that I am liked, because people don't spit in my face."

THOMAS BEER

As a matter of fact he is enormously liked by most people to whom he gives a fair chance. Men like him because he talks as well as anyone I have ever heard, and because he is amazingly reliable and not in the least literary in his attitude to his friends and family. And women find it difficult to control tears of gratitude for an attitude to the sex so unusual, so odd, that it must be quaintly described as chivalrous. He has said to me: "After all, my prime interest in life is in looking at things, or eating them if they are edible." This is untrue. He eats things only when they are very good, and he knows exactly when they are good. He is equally fastidious in his drinking, and honestly dislikes the taste of whisky. He does not, I may add, dislike the taste of other drinks, if they happen to be good. However, he conducts this phase of his life with the same dignity with which he conducts all other phases of it. Only once I have seen him, late in the evening, burst into song. This too, he accomplishes with dignity, moving astonishingly few facial muscles. He was accompanied by Joe Kerrigan, of the Irish Players. He prefers not to be accompanied by a piano. His favorite songs, I remember, were: "She Is More To Be Pitied Than Censured, She Is More To Be Pitied Than Blamed"; "The Lavender Cowboy Who Had Only Three Hairs On His Chest"; "Clementine," and "Mademoiselle From Armentières," of which he remembers an extraordinary number of verses.

After graduating from Yale and the Columbia Law School, he went into his father's New York law office. But he was not long a lawyer. In May 1917 he enlisted in the United States Field Artillery, became a first lieutenant, and served on the staff of the 87th Division in France. Of that experience he has told me: "I was in Europe before 1914 and can prove it, by God. The world war did not reveal the old world's civilization to me. The war taught me a lot about the United States but nothing about Europe. The whole 'Lost Generation' movement gives me a headache and I strongly suspect a lot of it of being as coldly commercial as a burlesque show. I love Europe as a combined picture gallery and restaurant. The inhabitants merely bore me."

When he returned from France he began immediately to write. He lives in a Victorian house in Yonkers. Nothing in heaven or earth can restrain him from returning to that house to sleep, even though he may not leave Manhattan until three or four A. M. He has a prejudice against sleeping on this island. He will only eat, drink, and talk on it. The island of his heart is Nantucket, where he spends his summers when he does not spend them in Europe, in an equally large Victorian house acquired by his father. At Siasconset, where the Atlantic roars gorgeously past his wide front porch, he becomes social, even gregarious. I myself have beheld this phenomenon. If friends of his visit the island he becomes responsible, and requires his other friends to call upon them and invite them to parties. He roams about the place in a white sweater, looking benign. I asked a member of his family if this—the sweater, I mean—was his working garb. She replied that to the contrary, he wrote in pajamas, part of the time lying flat on his stomach on his bed.

But in New York he is never an extra man for parties. An extra, extra man must be asked in case Tom does not appear. Once when I had asked him to dine with Mencken, he informed me at a late hour that he had had a tooth pulled, and, according to his custom, made handsome amends the next day. I repeated this message to Mencken, who said: "Tom has had eighty-five teeth pulled within my memory. Where *does* the man get all those teeth? Nobody else can get them." On the evenings when Tom does appear he is a benediction to any hostess, for no worthy article of food, drink, wearing apparel, furniture or china escapes his appreciative notice and discriminating comment. He is not a "Middle Western writer." His family moved from Iowa via Minnesota to Yonkers before he was four years old. He has not spent a whole week in the Middle West since 1910. His father was deep in Republican politics, and a friend of Mark Hanna. Hence his biography of Hanna.

"Kindly consider," he has said, "that I know very few literary people and know few of those I do know at all well. I have never been to a P. E. N. or other literary assembly . . . The Meadowbrook is the only wet spot I entered after 1926, except for two dreary séances at twenty-one." He also dislikes first nights, preferring his theatre after the tumult and the shouting dies. His forthcoming novel, he announces is "nothing but a series of discussions—politics, economics, and sex."

He now and then becomes rather social in London, but his comments thereon are not for this place. "I dislike society," he has told me, "very much as I dislike whisky—it has a medicinal flavor until it has been dead a long time." He has a wide knowledge of Americana, and American genealogy, which extends the length of the Atlantic seaboard, from Boston to New Orleans. He also takes cures at Baden-Baden. He is a period piece, straight out of the Mauve Decade. On his infrequent appearances he can always be trusted to keep the rules. Why he is shy I cannot imagine, because he usually talks better than the rest of the party. He is faintly reminiscent—and this will infuriate him—of Henry James. His conversation is amusing where James's must often have been tiresome, but it is also extremely elaborate. Moreover he possesses the same shy kindness that belonged to Henry James. He does not, however, share the frugality of James. His kindness takes substantial forms. George Horace Lorimer once said to me in Philadelphia that he knew of few men who gave away as large a proportion of their incomes as Thomas Beer. But this fact is never mentioned by Mr. Beer, only by the recipients of his benefactions. A woman who has read and admired his books, but never met him, asked me lately: "What is he like? Is he a man-of-the-world?" I could only reply: "I am not sufficiently a woman-of-the-world always to recognize a man-of-the-world when I see one, so I don't know. But this I do know—he is a Gentleman-of-the-Old-School."

Nonconformists in Elizabethan Sussex

SUPERSTITION CORNER. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by STANLEY WENT

FROM Sheila Kaye-Smith we have learned to expect always fine workmanship and a reverent and beautiful use of English prose. No writer of our day is more skilled and careful in the construction of a story. In these respects her latest book measures up to its predecessors, though it lacks the sweep and convincing quality of some of them.

It is a moving story of the bitter persecutions of Catholics under Elizabeth. The heroine is Kate Alard, recusant daughter of robust Squire Alard, who, after resisting the new forms of worship for some years, finally yielded to the pressure of public opinion and official alertness aroused by the quarrel with Spain. Driven from home by horror when her father is killed in a duel, Kate rides

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH IN HER SUSSEX GARDEN

out over the Sussex downs in man's attire in search of her twin brother, a newly ordained priest just sent by Rome to the English mission. The reader may well feel that Kate's ultimate fate was undeserved, but in tracing her adventures the author gives us a vivid panorama of the times and introduces a number of colorful characters. It is to the credit of her conscience as a story-teller that, though her sympathies are, as is natural, deeply and obviously engaged by the martyrs to the faith which she herself has adopted, she is scrupulously fair, even sympathetic, in her characterizations of the conformists of her story, and that the dominant note of the book is not resentment, but pity for the religious confusion of the times, and an almost wistful regret that things which seem to her so easily avoidable should have happened.

A Collection of Indian Pipefuls

ONE-SMOKE STORIES. By Mary Austin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by STANLEY VESTAL

SINCE the first Spaniards came a-riding in search of the golden cities of Cibola, many a good story has come out of the Southwest, that strange, livable, immutable land whose meagre bounty has preserved the hidalgo's courtesy in his mixed-blood children, has tamed the Indian to an affability not found in him elsewhere, and has even made something of an artist and a lover of the soil out of that generally ruthless nomad, the white American. For the Southwest has at once the sameness and the variety which are the two fundamental qualities which make for good art and good living, and in the nature of things cannot help bringing forth legends, epics, and parables. All these have come of it and been welcomed. But it has remained for Mrs. Austin to harvest and market these shorter stories—told for the space of one smoke—which are here gathered into a volume for our instruction and delight. And no one else could have done the job half so well.

As the European lingers over his wine, permitting its bouquet and flavor and valor to enhance his moment and inspire his thought, just so the native American, whether Indian, Mexican, or white old-timer, lingers over, savors, and gloats over the sweet fragrance of his tobacco. Burned in this meditative manner, reverently shared with the gods of the four world-quarters, the sacred weed has upon him more than a merely physical effect; it reaches his soul, he meditates, and is inspired to speak—though only for the brief time his cigarillo or pipe is burning. The brief tellings of such inspiration are known as one-smoke stories. Mrs. Austin has here collected a rich store of them—such things as might, in our society, go into a sonnet or an etching.

It has not been our luck to meet before with a collection of tales so piquant, so racy, and so utterly authentic. There are tales for every taste and mood—nearly forty of them in a single volume. No one who cares a rap for human nature will be able to lay this book aside after he gets into it. Here is color, beauty, the real Southwest. But, much as the uninstructed reader may enjoy the book, for the man who knows the Indian, the Spanish-American, or the white frontiersman, there is here unalloyed joy. Mrs. Austin has set a new standard for recorders of folk-lore to aim at.

The tales are as varied in content as the racial types which figure in them. There are anecdotes of Mexican bandits, bear stories, Indian fables and parables and proverbs, stories of war and hunting and courtship and sharp practice, and a few racy yarns in the manner of Boccaccio—such as the rounded little classic, "Stewed Beans." Best of all for novelty, there are stories that only a woman could have told—told with an utter absence of anything like apology for being a woman—an extremely refreshing treat in these epicene times. The setting of the book extends all the way from Oklahoma to San Francisco's Chinatown, but the best of the tales are of the desert, the pueblo, the Indian camp. Though many of them have appeared in the quality magazines, all are of a piece—vivid, authentic, sympathetic; even the descriptive passages are haunting in their truth and color—magical as an early Tuscan background. This, I take it, is because of the wisdom of Mrs. Austin, who has stuck closely to the Indian method of telling tales—the method of men who have to travel light and so pack their stories as neatly as they pack their other belongings for a desert journey. The result is a style which young writers might do well to study.

It is our honest opinion that this book could only be improved by adding to it. It is one of the finest things Mrs. Austin has achieved.

* *

Stanley Vestal, a student of Indian history and customs as well as a novelist, is the author of, among other books, "Kit Carson" and "Sitting Bull."

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The Bowling Green

Ohio Steamboat

IF you thought that the sternwheelers were only a romantic and picturesque relic of ancient days, a few hours on the levee at Cincinnati will change your notion. The steamboat *Chris Greene* was loading for her evening run to Louisville. Apparently the Ohio River brings down freight as it does its occasional floods, in big plenty. Already, several hours before sailing time, she was loaded end to end. There was more than she could possibly carry, even with Mr. Bondurant, the Mate—known as Uncle Bud, and profoundly respected by the black stevedores—supervising storage. The word *stevedore,* by the way, is interesting: it is the Spanish version of *constipator,* a packer-tight. Which is what they were doing in *Chris Greene's* tween-decks. Some of the cargo would have to wait until next day. Specially notable the extraordinary number of cases of glass lamp-chimneys. There are plenty of kerosene lamps still burning down the Ohio River country.

I wish there had been a chance to see Mr. Mate driving his crew at the time of peak load. Though gentle and soft of speech he has the look of an Ohio River Dante, and there is something in his deep competent eye that puts immediate omen on a colored rouster.

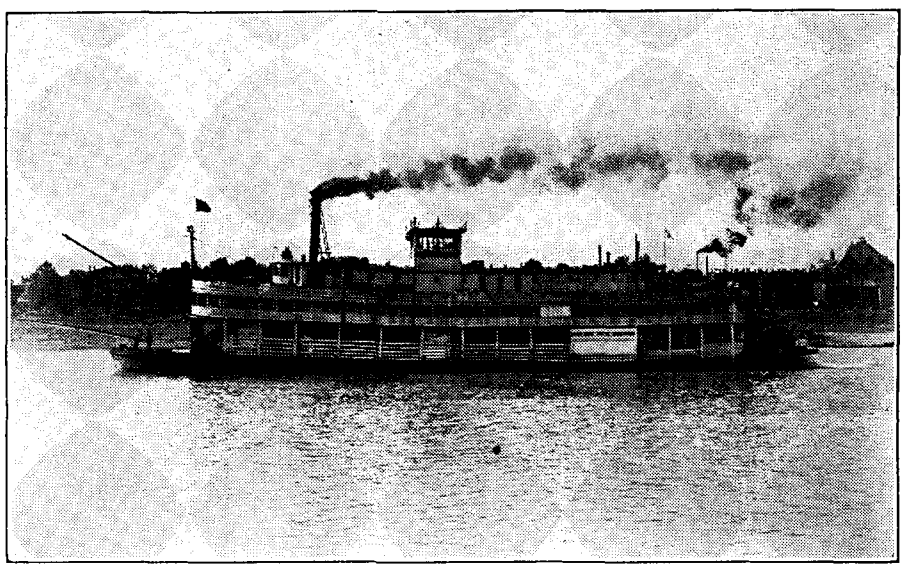
The *Chris Greene* is only nine years old; her hull is of steel, but in general style and shape she conforms to the traditional plan of those oldtimers of the Currier and Ives prints. "All they need to travel on," in the old saying, "is a heavy fall of dew." To the eye of a deep-water man they are certainly an astonishment, and undoubtedly have overland blood in them for I noticed that the steamboat men use railroad terms such as "hauling" and "riding." But I must tread softly here, for the steamboaters are older than the railroaders, and properly proud of their own lingo and tradition. As Roy Barkhau of the Greene Line office told me, "The old river packets are what really built up the country, the railroads' propaganda to the contrary. Did you know it's possible to go by steamboat from Pittsburgh to the Yellowstone? In the early days the boats ran regularly from St. Louis to points in Montana." The Greene Line has been on the Ohio for fifty years; in the engine room they showed me that some of *Chris Greene's* cylinder castings, still in full service, were salvaged from a previous vessel and dated from the 80's. I liked the air of Southern ease which not even heavy traffic can dispel—the chief's wicker armchair and rack of magazine reading; the skipper's big airy stateroom with its own tiny verandah; the high upholstered bench in the pilot house for visiting pilots. I hope that a visiting commodore is allowed to ride there sometimes, for I have just had the large delight of commission as complimentary Commodore on the staff of Governor Ruby Laffoon. Kentucky Colonels are fairly numerous, but a Kentucky Commodore!—Even the fireman off duty has his alcove of repose, a gaily decorated hutch (known as the Coon Pen) aft of the engine room.

Captain Volney White, nicknamed "Stogie," who has been with the Greene Line since he left high school, did Three Hours for Lunch Club honors in the white main corridor—which, with its woodwork scrimshaw, looks rather like a tunnel in a cocoanut cake. It was an impromptu occasion, and only, as the skipper needlessly apologized, a "port-lunch," but what then must be the luxury of the passengers—who get stateroom, dinner and breakfast all for $3.75. Bean soup, corn-beef and cabbage, and "wheelhouse pudding," (a kind of tapioca, I think) with admirable coffee. The Captain spoke of other steamboat dishes—*jambolai,* a Creole side-dish of rice, tomatoes and peppers; and *sternwheel duck,* a kind of hash served for the rousters. He showed us photographs of the races, a few years ago, between the *Chris Greene,* her sister *Tom Greene,* and a rival packet the *Betsy Ann. Betsy Ann* is the better known in the East, as her owner wrote a delightful book about her (*The Log of the Betsy Ann*) but I believe that in the racing *Tom* and *Chris* nosed ahead. They have a pair of gilded antlers as trophy, to prove it.

Sitting in the high chairs of the pilot house, in the pleasant drowse caused by such a meal, it required Spartan resolution not to accept the invitation of friendly Chris Greene himself (General Manager of the Line; the boats are named for him and his brother, the President) to ride down to Louisville. The visitors tried to persuade John Kidd, the bookseller, to get that night's literary dinner transferred to the boat. What more perfect setting for a cultural jamboree: a moonlit spring evening, the *Chris Greene* kicking her way downstream along the curly border between Kentucky and Indiana. The big "pitmans" (connecting rods) would slosh the old wooden millwheel round and round in a hammering gargle of spray; even muddy water would be silver under a Kentucky moon. I could imagine all the layers of delicious smells—down below, coal and engines and cargo savors of tobacco, packing cases, coffee and groceries. On the saloon deck, aromas of dinner and fresh varnish and clean blankets. Up on the texas, in a cool spring breeze, the gust of the new Blue Grass. And, as they say in their folder, "Always a new picture round the bend." *Chris Greene* has her literary association, too. At the purser's office is a framed photostat of a Pilot's Certificate which is precious to all steamboat men. It asserts that the holder was "a suitable and safe person to be intrusted with the power and duties of Pilot of Steam Boats on the Mississippi River to and from St. Louis to New Orleans." It is dated April 9, 1859, and the name of the pilot was Samuel Clemens.

Duty won, as it usually does; we went ashore to observe our honorable and well-mannered obligations. But I wonder what Louisville looks like? I suggested to Captain White as slogan for his company a phrase familiar to the Grand Central zone—*Follow the Greene Line.*

What are the spiritual marks of the Middle West, I often wonder? In my own superficial observation I have always considered the barn-side blazon CHEW MAIL POUCH as one identification of that great empire; as the codfish signs are the emblem of New England. I wish the proprietors of MAIL POUCH would tell me the actual spread of their legend. But even dearer to me are the little roan pigs one sees in spring scampering across the fields of Ohio and Indiana. I have heard rumors of a Federal massacre, or at least a limitation *in gremio,* among these gay and humorous creatures. No one who plays Herod among these innocents can lightly be pardoned. But to the open-hearted observer the Middle West is always a land of surprises—as every land should be. On the road from Cincinnati to Dayton one passes through Lebanon, Ohio, where we are startled to find an old hotel once visited by Dickens. And Dayton itself is an astonishment. There should be a great municipal chime or carillon there, somehow symbolizing and integrating the merry tinkle of nationwide cash-registers. Great bells of mighty timbre, cast of the same metal used for the sharp tingle of the familiar machine; it would be a pleasant symbol of reviving circulation. Dayton is a delicious town to encounter: its wide streets, trackless trolleys, its Masonic Temple and Art Institute (perfect in acoustics) above the Miami River. There is no less thrill in meeting the Miami, the Wabash, the Tippecanoe, than in the first glimpse of Avon or Arno. (I've never seen the Arno, but let it stand). And if you want to know what perfect hotel service can be, try the Van Cleve in Dayton—almost too perfect for a humble traveller, as they earnestly offer so many kinds of help, solace and service, one gets confused.—There is such a thing as hotels being too solicitous: in the various Statlers, I've noticed, if you go to bed without locking your door the night watchman comes round and wakes you explaining that you might be disturbed by someone.—But I quite realize that running a hotel is an impossible problem. The only solution, perhaps, would be to ask each arriving guest to classify himself: is he one of those who want to be Serviced, or is he the kind who desires complete anonymity and seclusion.



STEAMBOAT "CHRIS GREENE"

On the road from Dayton to Indianapolis it is a pleasant surprise to encounter Greenfield (Indiana), "Riley's Home Town"—and there's the Old Swimmin' Hole, in a well preserved little park.

In the Official Railway Guide the Great Western Railway of England is still advertising *The Fastest Train in the World.* They refer to the 3.50 p. m. from Swindon which is scheduled to make the 77¼ mile run to Paddington in 65 minutes (71.3 m.p.h.) and has actually done it in 56¾ minutes (81.6 m.p.h.). But shouldn't they say Fastest *Steam* Train? How about that Flying Hamburger in Germany (Diesel driven, I think?) or the new streamline train on the Union Pacific?

Big Four locomotive 6604, which I admired at the station in Lafayette, Indiana, gave me great pleasure. The engineer said she was of the type "Hudson J1" and added "80 to 90 miles ain't nothin' to that baby." They're a noble sight, but I guess the big mastodons are doomed.

News From Baker Street

Mr. A. G. Macdonell—whose *England, Their England* you may remember as a book of most engaging humor—writes from Godalming, Surrey, that the English *Sherlock Holmes Society* has organized and sends greetings to our own *Baker Street Irregulars.* The S. H. S. is to hold its first dinner on June 6th at a restaurant in Baker Street. "June 6th being Derby Day," says Mr. Macdonell, "it was felt that Silver Blaze might well be discussed together with Holmes's extraordinary conduct in running a faked horse."

H. G., prowling along the Rambla de los Estudios in Barcelona, found in a second-hand bookstore a copy of *Les Aventures du Fils de Sherlock Holmes* ("racontées par le Docteur Watson"). This entertaining work was published——no date given, but my guess is about 20 years ago—by Richonnier, 40 rue des Saints Pères, Paris. Dr. Watson settles in New York City in the Late Hansom Cab era and becomes a wealthy and fashionable physician to the Four Hundred. I shall report on this more in detail presently.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Modern Art and Its Personalities

(*Continued from first page*)

censures; but the personal imputations scattered through this chapter come near to being a piece of modernist-baiting to make a Babbitt's holiday.

It seems to me that all intemperateness of language defeats itself, even when it is directed against the right things: that is, the things that are wrong. Mr. Craven says that ". . . there is no such thing as detachment in criticism." Even if that be so—I am not sure that it is—it gives no license to berate; for there is such a thing as justice, to be striven for most by those who can never attain it. Criticism is often a battle, but it is also far more than that. It is a persuasion and a judgment.

In the wider concepts which rise above the estimates of individuals is to be found the positive force of this book. Art's prime importance lies in substance, not in method; creativeness in art springs directly out of life; art never results from propaganda, although it may sometimes be a means of propagandizing; art can never accept predetermined programs from politics or religion, but always announces its own spiritual discoveries—in these matters Mr. Craven is satisfyingly right. The baleful effects of bohemianism have never been more effectively put: its disintegration of character, its exaltation of whim, its dissociation between art and work, its fatal separation of the artist from the community. Mr. Craven shrewdly touches off the crippling conventions of bohemian unconventionality, the deadly etiquette of promiscuity; he accurately analyzes the Paris which parades modernism as a badge of cultural snobbism and a means of commercial gambling.

He is most importantly right in advocating the localization of the artist. The artist cannot attain greatness merely by rooting himself in a definite place and time; but he must begin with that. His art must be genuine before it can be great, and the source of authenticity is localization. Achieving greatness means transcending that localization in the sense of infusing it with a significance more than local; but that sort of transcendence never eliminates the specifically local quality. The necessity for this localized character can never be evaded without the penalty of artistic death. The Spaniard Ortega has described at length the modern dehumanization of art; art must be rehumanized or abandoned. The way of rehumanization is that pointed out by Mr. Craven—a swift and fearless plunge into the realities of life today.

The format of a book is much less important than its content, of course; but it may be worth noting how the publishers have considered "Modern Art" a sequel to "Men of Art" even to the point of making it equal in size and weight. This Mr. Craven's text did not require in substance or in length. The publishers also, or their designer, must be responsible for the mistreatment of the illustrations. These are carried out to the very edge, leaving no margins except where the shape of the original is not proportioned to the shape of the page. In some cases, most notably in that of Epstein's head of Paul Robeson, the reproduction is so large in scale that the book must be pushed quite away for it to be seen; but every illustration should be seeable at the distance at which the text is readable.

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The New Books

Fiction

IN A NAZI GARDEN. By Lona Mosk. Vanguard. 1934. $2.

Despite its lapidary style, this novel portrays graphically the fate of two people caught in the maelstrom of national events in Germany. The love of the German lawyer, Hans Ludwig Wiederholt, for Anne Levy, a Jewish correspondent on an American newspaper, is a straight highway that gradually loses itself in the maze of anti-Jewish feeling subsequent to Bruening's last days in office.

In relentless contrast to the lilac scented garden above which the two lovers dwell as man and wife, is depicted the little world of shop-keepers, rowdies turned storm troopers, and the household of the penurious and amusing Frau Schroeder. National Socialist agitation rises to a crescendo from humble beginnings through the whole gamut of excursions broken by Communist-Nazi fights, brass bands playing the Horst Wessel song, flaunting swastikas, censored radio programs, and the final quartering of storm troops which bring about the lovers' eviction from the house. Everyone, from the precocious little Mady to the imperturbable Hans Ludwig, is caught up by the Aryan frenzy, and Anne daily sees her love and the fate of her unborn child threatened.

With short and swift strokes Miss Mosk delineates the changing current of feeling. In Mady, thorough discipline to the pattern of the New Germany brings out the worst in the child's plebian nature. In fact, so well is the effect of propaganda on the citizenry done, that the gestures and voices of various minor characters remain with one more tenaciously than those of the colorless hero and heroine. Hans Ludwig and Anne as individuals are blank; their love is an abstract portrait against the deftly cartooned *Buerger* who bring them their tea, spy on their affairs, and entertain them with badly digested politics.

Perhaps due to this emphasis on details, Anne's love and terror seems a scanty emotion, while the Immensee descriptions and the stuffy menage stay with one. A constant shuttling back and forth between English and German, and the unnecessarily stilted versions of conversations which were *per se* not carried on in English, makes reading less fluent than it should be. The timeliness of the subject alone will carry the sympathetic reader across this difficulty.

Doubtless Miss Mosk will soon find a wider canvas for her warm landscapes and her excellent vignettes.

M. P. O.

THIS GREEN THICKET WORLD. By Howell Vines. Little, Brown. 1934. $2.50.

Mr. Vines's 375-page chant on copulation in a symbolic Alabama thicket embodies most of the faults and none of the virtues of Mr. Caldwell, Mr. Faulkner, Mr. Hemingway, and Elizabeth Madox Roberts, with a good many of Mr. Vines's own added. It is a conglomeration of verbosity, repetition, sentimentality, young eroticism, overworked "local color," and "mysticism"—all congealed by many Biblical "ands."

You are set down in the vague middle of Mr. Vines's Thicket, given a catalogue of the kinds of birds (fifty or so), the varieties of trees, and the names of a lot of rivers and hills that run, gallop, and singlefoot about. You are lost there with all the fish, birds, and animals (including the human). Mr. Vines gives you no help. You can't see the woods for the trees, the characters for their author—but you hear voices. Pages follow pages with talk about the breeding of everything, from humans through "whoo owls" to fish. (Even every male fish has his "women.") No, Mr. Vines is not another D. H. Lawrence. When it comes right down to a good love-making, he delicately begs the question with such phrases as "he loved her up," "he loved her to the bones."

Lat Lisper, the "mortal river-god" of a vast domain, consorts heartily, in fact religiously, with many besides his wife, Cindy. Their son Clay "loves up" half a dozen or so girls. Lat's hired hand, Greenberry, "does things to the earth."—"There was much sign around where a man had been doing things to the earth. There was no one anywhere to do things to the earth like Greenberry." (You are supposed to understand that Greenberry is plowing, planting, tilling, or something.) Mostly Greenberry hunts and fishes. He can haul fish fifteen miles in a wagon and deliver them alive! An earnest attempt is made to reveal the character of Naomi, Clay's best girl, but you have to take Mr. Vines's word for it that she is herself. Mr. Vines runs his one real talent—his mimicry of colloquialism — into the ground by endless repetition and lack of differentiation.

It could have been a fine book, if Mr. Vines's Thicket had really played the powerful part in the story he meant it to —an even greater and more symbolic part than the Heath played in Hardy's "The Return of the Native." But as it is, the philosophy is too young and obvious, the symbolism too sentimental, the narrative too thin and entirely devoid of moving description and moving characterization.

L. R. M.

INVITATION TO LIFE. By Eric M. Knight. Greenberg. 1934. $2.

In the first portion of his new novel Mr. Knight sketches with considerable charm the difficult boyhood and school experiences of his principal character, Llewellyn Tregan. After rapidly touching on the war period, the author next brings his hero, a somewhat frustrated figure who has lost his wife after a brief happiness, to New York, where he settles down to a futile existence as a newspaperman. It is perhaps natural that this part of the book should seem a little purposeless and wandering after the freshness and accuracy of the earlier chapters, but Mr. Knight, having devoted much space to a prolonged consideration of this phase of Tregan's existence, evidently tries to make up for this slowness of pace by finishing his story in a burst of headlong melodrama. Tregan is accused of a crime he has not committed, undergoes the Third Degree and the usual courtroom scenes, and at last escapes to South America with the one woman who, a trifle surprisingly, appears to understand him.

While there can be no serious objection to this outline of a life, since it is reasonably consistent and in the main well told by Mr. Knight, the body of the book does not live up to the promise of the opening. In addition he has impeded the narrative by introducing frequent chronological interludes, belonging to what the author of "Cold Comfort Farm" has recently labeled the "suitcase" school of fiction, in which battles, sporting events, popular songs, and anything else which may enter the author's mind are jumbled together to produce a panoramic effect. In "Invitation to Life" Mr. Knight's chronology is decidedly odd, and in any case these passages add nothing to the value of his story.

T. P., JR.

STRANGE HARVEST. By Inez Haynes Irwin. Bobbs-Merrill. 1934. $2.50.

Older readers, because better able to recall and understand the special atmosphere of the period of this novel, will enjoy more than younger ones its gently and sympathetically imagined picture of a large group of middle-aged sisters with their family interests and relationships, their joys and tragedies and daily cares. The book opens in the eighties and moves slowly through time, dipping first into the past for each sister of the seven, then forward for a few years from the day of the family reunion which forms the first chapter. Several poignancies or obscurities are touched upon here at the outset; their origins are discovered later as the chapters reach back into past years, and finally a climax or solution—or perhaps merely a resting-point—is achieved for each sister at the close. It is an individual technique, made the more so by the fact that the stories, while in their main outlines told separately, overlap at every turn, and throw expanding or reflecting lights upon one another.

The book is a real re-creation of a period, and of the family routine of that period,—of the inside and outside of houses, and the inside and outside of minds and souls. It is full of detail, which its author has clearly enjoyed following out, and is written in a style not really distinguished but simple and direct, although perhaps a little monotonously staccato. The pattern is quite different from that of many contemporary "family" novels, which follow several generations; here, except for a retrospective glimpse of the father and mother of these sisters, and a running commentary on the various children as they happen to appear in the pages or as they affect closely their parents' stories, we are within the confines of one generation, and that a more unified one than has existed at any time since. Yet beneath its surfaces, so much smoother than our modern ones, lurk many motives which, from time immemorial, have appeared and reappeared in life, and will always continue to do so.

M. C. D.

SHIP WITHOUT SAILS. By Barbara Barclay Carter. Dutton. 1934. $2.50.

This is a novelized life of Dante in exile, following his fortunes to the time of his death, and telling of his love for Pietra, which he came to repent as an infidelity to his earthly wife and his heavenly love; his dealings with his native city; and his examination for heresy and for occult magic concealed in his "Divine Comedy." The book is much what the experienced reader will guess it to be. Dante sees a river and composes a simile containing it, or recalls a name, like Farinata's, and writes his story; as no doubt he did; which writings are given in English, in an acceptable translation into *terza rima.* The author plainly writes from a deep reverence for the work of Dante, and an intimate acquaintance with his country; if she sheds no new light upon that aquiline spirit, it is perhaps impossible to reveal him more fully than he has revealed himself, and she conveys a sense of the color and movement of the period. In some ways she is almost handicapped by her very intimacy with her field; thus for readers who are unfamiliar with the "Divine Comedy" she might well have given a clearer account than she could believe necessary of the actual geographic structure of the epic; and she often relies on an allusion to give the reader the same vivid effect that it gives her. A stronger instance is the complex politics of the period, which she might perform a real service even to students of Dante by clearing up; but in the body of the book she seems to assume a knowledge of issues and parties, and though she does indeed give a brief and helpful note upon the subject, this is at the back of the book, with no indication earlier of its existence, so that one is likely to have to struggle with Guelfs and Ghibellines, Blacks and Whites, without it. The book is readable, and may do a service by bringing new readers to Dante.

B. D.

CHELBURY ABBEY. By Denis Mackail. Doubleday, Doran. 1934. $2.

The pleasant novel that leads lovers over obstacles and through complications and finally ends with wedding-bells, is supposedly out of style. but Denis Mackail has written one in his own charming and semi-humorous vein. One remembers that in his "Peninsula Street' there was a good deal of penetratior

(*Continued on page* 693)

Double-Crostics: Number 7

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

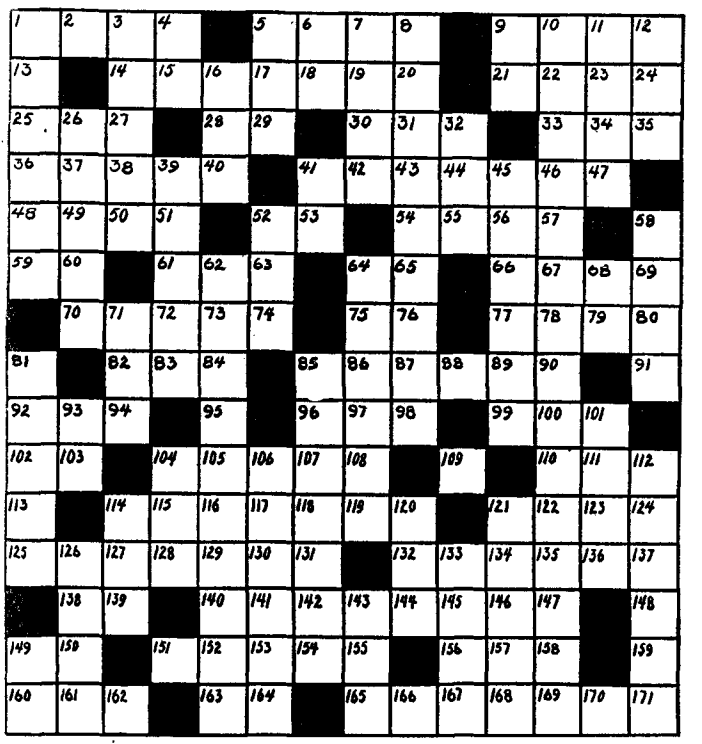
Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS

I. 142-45-37-121-7-66-162. To settle by intervention.
II. 75-8-50-159-97-29-30. Immovable, impenetrable.
III. 167-34-131-41-1-88-119. Flower-shaped ornament.
IV. 106-52-20-73-54-11-4. Wet blanket.
V. 101-133-60-65-82-149-109-154-9. Keen-edged, biting.
VI. 70-163-84-158-99-95-155. Hot air artist.
VII. 160-58-164-156-140-10-150. Diplomatic assistant.
VIII. 153-96-14-64-136-110-32. Infringe, encroach.
IX. 44-130-35-144-23-18-63. Invalidate.
X. 85-2-71-46-165-152-111-5. Morning star (poetic).
XI. 19-122-39-16-48-166-74. Not satisfied.
XII. 120-87-129-112-143. Decline, languish.
XIII. 113-79-24-107-94-12-3. Protection, act of guarding.
XIV. 157-62-55-104-170-31. In India, a dance.
XV. 67-17-27-171-38-22-93-42. Nervous emotional excitement.
XVI. 13-53-116-83-80-68-76-147-51. A French café.
XVII. 86-137-123-100-146-115-78-103. Military assistant.
XVIII. 125-90-114-105-33-138-56. A Thomas Hardy title.
XIX. 61-134-21-127-49-6-72-81. Fascination, sorcery.
XX. 102-43-145-168-92-89. Aroused by wrath.
XXI. 15-141-91-77-25-135-36. A Heine heroine.
XXII. 69-161-128-40-151-28-108-59. Easily frightened, restive.
XXIII. 139-117-148-132-126-47. Equipment.
XXIV. 98-26-124-57-169-118. A grammatical gender.

WORDS

I. _____
II. _____
III. _____
IV. _____
V. _____
VI. _____
VII. _____
VIII. _____
IX. _____
X. _____
XI. _____
XII. _____
XIII. _____
XIV. _____
XV. _____
XVI. _____
XVII. _____
XVIII. _____
XIX. _____
XX. _____
XXI. _____
XXII. _____
XXIII. _____
XXIV. _____



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC
(NUMBER 6)
ROBERT BROWNING—"PROSPICE"

I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that Death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it.

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Lewis Mumford's

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STUART CHASE, N. Y. Herald Tribune: "The most lucid and persuasive exposition of the promise of technics in human terms that it has been my good fortune to read."

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Illustrated $3.50

Houghton Mifflin Company's sixth Pulitzer Prize in five years

The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ROUND ABOUT PARNASSUS

As there seems to be no extraordinarily remarkable book of poetry on my shelves this week, I shall devote the column to a series of brief reviews of lesser titles.

The English Galaxy

Among anthologies, I can advise you to purchase a new anthology of shorter English lyrical verse, chosen and edited by the judicious *Gerald Bullett* and published by the Macmillan Company. It is called "The English Galaxy of Shorter Poems." It begins with "Western wind, when wilt thou blow" and ends with Housman.

The Modern Muse

"The Modern Muse: Poems of To-day, British and American," (Oxford University Press) includes writers from such British Colonies and Dominions as Australia and New Zealand, South Africa, Canada, Ceylon, and the Irish Free State. It is published on behalf of the English Association. The First Series of their compilation, "Poems of To-day," sold 350,000 copies and the Second Series, 132,000. "The Modern Muse" has been compiled as a companion volume. The selections are interesting.

Sense and Poetry

"Sense and Poetry," Essays on the Place of Meaning in Contemporary Verse, by *John Sparrow* (Yale University Press) is timely and pretty honest, to my way of thinking. So much insufferable tosh has been talked about the beauties and rightnesses of absolutely unintelligible rubbish written in the name of poetry, that it is about time someone sat down and, without fear or favor, began to dissect even some of our contemporary Olympians. No mere critic has power to touch their haughty aloofness so far as their art—that sacred cow and species of mumbo-jumbo—is concerned. We are passing through an age of witch-doctors in poetry. So, though Mr. Sparrow's chirp is not the leonine roar of a Dr. Johnson, I welcome it as dressing the scales a bit.

Frontiers

A new book of American historical ballads and legends entitled "Frontiers," by *Daniel Henderson,* comes to me from Bruce Humphries, Inc., 470 Stuart Street, Boston, Massachusetts. Mr. Henderson is a well-known American editor, novelist, and poet. The first section of his book is devoted to American legends of considerable interest, "Nantucket Whalers," "Opium Clippers," "Buffalo Bill," and so on. The second section comprises lyrics "of life and earth." Mr. Henderson begins by singing "The Mormon Trail" with no little verve, then he gets somewhat pedestrian. Some of his later lyrics are good; "New England Farm," for instance.

Song of a Sailor Man

Best known as a novelist and dramatist, *Eden Phillpotts* has already published one or two books of collected verse. Now he writes a long poem about one Neddy White who first goes to sea on an Indiaman and is later seen as mate of a coasting steamer. It is called "Song of a Sailor Man" and published by Macmillan. It is divided into three sections, "The Boy," "The Man," and "The Lover." I found the verse pretty monotonous and a far cry from such narratives of the sea as Masefield's "Dauber."

Three Rivers

Sarah Larkin has shown praiseworthy energy in writing a narrative poem of New France. For the last eighteen years she has spent much time in the Canadian woods. The poem goes back to the seventeenth century. It is called "Three Rivers" and published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Several people had mentioned this book to me. I cannot call the blank verse very good, but the story is rather interesting. But I should really think Miss Larkin (Mrs. Loening in private life) would be more successful with a prose novel.

Field of Honor

A collection of poems by *Sara Henderson Hay,* "Field of Honor," The Kaleidograph Press: Dallas, Texas, is really worth your looking into. The collection was chosen from over two hundred entries in the Kaleidograph Book Publication Contest of 1933. Miss Hay, still in her early twenties, has had much success with magazine publication. Her book is better than the average. I like particularly a verse from "Sic Transit":

Stone crumbles: but more staunchly fares
A dust incredibly translated:
Judas still haggles at his wares,
Cain is forever new-created!
Delilah, in a Paris frock,
Goes out to tea at five o'clock:
Salome climbs the Subway stairs,
Potiphar takes the Elevated!

Beneath This Bushel

Ann Hoskins has for publisher of her slim volume, "Beneath this Bushel," the Mistral Press of Hastings-on-Hudson. Though her book is very slight, there are several nice sets of verses in it, of which one of the best is "Joseph's Prayer."

So Loved the World

Fleming H. Revell, publishers of religious books, have brought out *Virginia L. Paine's* "So Loved the World," described as "a narrative-poem of the life of Jesus Christ." It follows the four Gospels closely enough but seems to me quite uninspired. Compare Lola Ridge's magnificent "Firehead."

The World, the Flesh, and the Holy Ghosts

A collaboration by *Howard* and *Geraldine Wolf,* entitled "The World, The Flesh, and the Holy Ghosts," and published by The Caxton Printers Ltd., of Caldwell, Idaho, has resulted in originality which has been praised by *A. R. Orage,* the late *George Sterling,* and *Jake Falstaff,* who writes a brief introduction. This book ranges from grave to gay, and it ought to be known to more people. It is not at all astounding, but possesses its own individuality.

Roads of Earth

Faith Van Valkenburgh Vilas is a practitioner of verse who has published some fifteen books. Her "Roads of Earth" comes to me from Dorrance and Company of Philadelphia. She has no particularly original ideas, though a lot of human sympathy. But I lift up my ruined head to state that in the section "Roads of Yesterday" there is some very nice work.

Young Heart

You might begin to watch *George St. Clair,* author of "Young Heart," whose book comes to me from Henry Harrison of 27 East 7th Street, this city. He is at-

(*Continued on next page*)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
HOUSE PARTY MURDER *Colin Ward* (Morrow: $2.)	Stolen pearls, blackmail, and murder wreck house party of American millionaire in rented English mansion.	Well made story, with surprises along the way, builds steadily to snappy finish.	Very good
THE SPIKED LION *Brian Flynn* (Macrae-Smith: $2.)	Anthony Bathurst threads murderous English maze, featuring cyanide, heraldic lions, a great inheritance, tattoo marks, and jumbled identities.	Thrills, well sustained mystery, and keen detective work, keep reader hurrying towards end that flouts plausibility.	Exciting

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The Phoenix Nest

(*Continued from preceding page*)

tempting narratives in blank verse. It is pretty blank at present, and the longest narrative, "A Boy's Heart" was pretty tough for me to read. Next came poems in the first person: Shelley to Peacock, Keats to Shelley, Byron to Tom Moore. I should rather read the real letters of Shelley and Keats, and the Byron one isn't much like Byron. Last we have Gainsborough, *Solus,* and Andrea del Sarto to Robert Browning, the latter rather an original idea. In spite of the obvious shortcomings of the book, I shall put it up on my shelves and hope for further developments.

SOME ROOTS OF ENGLISH POETRY

A little volume, from the Wheaton College Press of Norton, Massachusetts, "Some Roots of English Poetry," is chiefly of interest because its author, *Robert Hillyer,* has just been awarded the 1934 Pulitzer Prize for Poetry. It is the Annie Talbot Cole Lecture for 1933. Mr. Hillyer is Associate Professor of English at Harvard. He states here the conservative position in regard to poetry. He says you have to be thoroughly at home to be a good poet. Might I deferentially point out that many quite good poets have been far from "thoroughly at home"?

BOOKS RECEIVED

LOVERS OF EARTH. By Joseph Leonard Grucci. Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania: Albert E. Ignelzi, 600 Larimer Avenue.

WALK, GOD'S CHILLUN. By Lucile D. Goodlett. Dallas, Texas: The Kaleidograph Press. 1933. $1.50.

ORCHARDS AND ORCHIDS. By Constance Ferris. San Francisco, Cal.: Williams Publishing Company, 330 Jackson Street. 1933.

THE PSALMS OF KRISHNA. By Richard Carlyle. Los Angeles, Cal.: The Phoenix Press. 1933.

THE STAR IN THE DUSK. By Richard A. Thomas, Jr. Monroe, N. C.: The Sunnyside Press. 1933.

FROM AN ATTIC IN ATHENS, VERMONT. By Effie Louise Smith. Brattleboro, Vt.: Stephen Daye Press. 1933. $2.

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 691)

and almost satiric subtlety under his easy touch. Here the same cannot be said, for the whole is in lighter tones both on the surface and beneath it,—except possibly for the picture of the ancient English family now in the grip of financial decay but always holding its head high. Sympathy and understanding for it and all its members, especially old Lord Wick, its delightful head, are not ostensibly the object of the book, but the values are all there for anyone who feels them.

The story concerns simply a too hasty —though sincere—engagement between Lord Wick's daughter and a young American whose mad scheme for turning the old family mansion into an up-to-date hotel would be the salvation of the Wick fortunes, though it is in no way a condition of the engagement. But the long-refused English lover is discovered to be the real man in the case, and the last half of the book is devoted to untangling what the first has built up,—cleverly managed and ending with a fair degree of happiness all around.

The author's style, light-hearted and light-handed, will please many readers. In the first part of the book it is, however, almost overdone in its peculiarities. Clipped sentences and deft mockery reach the self-conscious point and become a little monotonous; there is a suggestion of Hemingway in fancy dress. Later, however, the extreme exaggerations of style are dropped, and an entertaining and capable light novel—not more—is achieved.

M. C. D.

Travel

BLUE BLAZE. By Jane Harvey Houlson. Bobbs-Merrill. 1934. $3.

The photograph which confronts us on the title-page of Miss Houlson's book is that of a slender, slightly school-mistressy woman in riding-breeches and open-necked flannel shirt, with feet close together, like the statue of Nathan Hale, and a vague suggestion of the dauntless frailty of Maude Adams in "Peter Pan." Miss Houlson had lived the life of a sheltered English-suburban vestal, until one day she answered an advertisement, and promptly embarked on a life of jungle exploration and adventure as the secretary of Mr. F. A. Mitchell-Hedges, known throughout her record as "My Chief."

Just what an explorer in the tropical islands to the north of Honduras wants or does with a secretary, the only woman

(*Continued on page* 695)

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The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

POST-WAR FICTION

IT is a beautiful Spring day, unduly warm to be sure, but rich with the promise of verdure and flowers. But we are not amused. On the contrary we are in bitter mood, for our copy has been lost, and a yawning void marks the columns in the form where our Clearing House should be. We know now that virtue has no reward—that we should be quite as well off this afternoon if we had yielded to temptation yesterday and instead of writing our department had hied us out of the city. And to add insult to injury, one of our associates affirms that the envelope that was mailed yesterday is still at the post office being worried over by some clerk who has been unable to decipher our handwriting. Be that as it may, we have to write a second instalment of answers to our correspondents, hoping that those others who would have had their replies this week will have patience till we retrieve what was intended for them.

S. K. of Minneapolis, Minn., to cease our lamentations and proceed to work, asks for a list of novels—twenty-five or so, that have been published since the close of the war, and that have been generally acclaimed by critics as the best for that period of time. "I should like it," he says, "to be a list international in scope, containing not only the best American works but also the finest efforts of foreign authors." He also wants collections of short stories.

That's a big order, but we'll do the best we can with it, making the reservation first, that we offer our selections not necessarily as the best, but only as good recent works. To take England first. H. G. Wells, of course, since, as before, the war has been one of the most considerable figures among the writers of all lands. His latest novel, published only last year, THE BULPINGTON OF BLUP (Macmillan), is Wells in familiar guise and Wells at his very good. THE WORLD OF WILLIAM CLISSOLD (Doubleday, Doran), published in 1926, is long, ruminative, and, in true Wellsian fashion a tract in fiction form as well as a transcription of its author's thought, which makes it autobiography of a kind. Ranking with Wells in importance is Galsworthy, whose FORSYTE SAGA (Scribners), one of the most imposing literary productions of our day, was begun before the war but continued after it, the various volumes constituting it being first issued under that title in 1922. Critics have agreed in singling out as among the most outstanding works of English fiction of the post-war period D. H. Lawrence's WOMEN IN LOVE and LOST GIRL (Boni) with their psychoanalytical stress and their passages of eloquent description, Virginia Woolf's MRS. DALLOWAY and TO THE LIGHTHOUSE (Harcourt, Brace), W. Somerset Maugham's OF HUMAN BONDAGE (Doubleday, Doran), which, to be honest, does not belong in our list since it was published the year after the outbreak of the war (we'll let it stand, however, since Maugham is an author who holds rank among the leading novelists of post-war Britain, and this is his best book), and Frank Swinnerton's COQUETTE (Doubleday, Doran), which we choose because it comes within the period designated by S. K. though it is not as distinguished a piece of fiction as NOCTURNE, published during the war. To many the greatest novel produced in English during the contemporary period is James Joyce's ULYSSES (Modern Library), recently released in this country through the lifting of the censorship which had so long barred it from America.

So much for British works; now for American. The post-war decade in the United States ushered in what was known as the revolt of the Younger Generation. But even before such authors as F. Scott Fitzgerald, with THIS SIDE OF PARADISE (Scribners) and Stephen Vincent Benét with THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM (Doubleday, Doran) had shown the country that a change had come over the manners of its youth, disgruntlement with the past was under way. Certainly among the outstanding works of post-war fiction in the United States all critics would agree in placing Sinclair Lewis's MAIN STREET (Harcourt, Brace), and the novels that followed it from BABBITT and ARROWSMITH (both Harcourt, Brace) to his latest WORK OF ART (Doubleday, Doran). They would probably concur also in giving rank to novels of a different type, Willa Cather's MY ANTONIA (Knopf), Ellen Glasgow's BARREN GROUND and THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS (Doubleday, Doran), Edith Wharton's AGE OF INNOCENCE (Appleton-Century), Dreiser's AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY (Liveright), Christopher Morley's THUNDER ON THE LEFT (Doubleday, Doran), and Ernest Hemingway's A FAREWELL TO ARMS (Scribners). We are not, we repeat, listing these books as great works, or in the judgment of all critics as the best of their time, but as novels which have been generally admitted to be among the most representative and significant of their day.

When it comes to post-war foreign novels two works, we should say, take precedence of all others, Proust's REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST (Modern Library) and Thomas Mann's THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN (Knopf). Other German novels to have won wide popularity and considerable critical acclaim are Erich Maria Remarque's ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT (Little, Brown), Arnold Zweig's THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA (Viking), and Feuchtwanger's SUCCESS (Viking). Wassermann's THE WORLD'S ILLUSION (Knopf) ranks with Mann's book as one of the most important of its country and time. There is now appearing in France a work of impressive sort in Jules Romains's MEN OF GOOD WILL (Knopf).

No list of the significant fiction of the post-bellum era would be complete which failed to mention Blasco Ibanez's FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE (Dutton), Sigrid Undset's KRISTIN LAVRANSDATTER (Knopf), Johan Bojer's THE GREAT HUNGER (Scribners), Knut Hamsun's GROWTH OF THE SOIL (Knopf), and Reymont's THE PEASANTS (Knopf). And finally, before we close our list, let us add a word about a book not yet published but shortly to appear, the first novel to come from the Soviet Republic, despite several of considerable distinction that have been published, that seems to us to be really in the grand manner. It is Mikhail Sholokhov's AND QUIET FLOWS THE DON. Knopf is to publish it before long; it is a book to be on the watch for.

SHAKESPEARE AUTHORITIES

M. H. F. of Oak Park, Ill., writes us that someone, rather surprisingly, has told her that there are only two living authorities on Shakespeare, Forbes Robertson and a minister of her section. She wants to know whether there are others.

There are many and we doubt whether either of the gentlemen mentioned above would figure among the pundits. Probably the outstanding contemporary authority was Sir Sidney Lee who died last year. The most complete and authoritative work on Shakespeare is that by Sir E. K. Chambers, and J. Dover Wilson, who also recently issued an important book on the poet, W. A. Neilson, A. H. Thorndike, and C. I. Elton are all distinguished scholars in the field.

A LITERARY FRIENDSHIP

A long time ago R. S. of West Salem, O., asked us whether we could give him the title of books containing a description of the friendship which existed between Samuel Taylor Coleridge and William Wordsworth. His letter contained a request also for a list of Pulitzer Prize winning books. We sent him that by mail and we fear that we forgot to give him the other information he desired, so here, belated as it is, it is.

The fullest account by an outsider of this historic friendship which R. S. can secure is in the two volumes of CORRESPONDENCE OF HENRY CRABB ROBINSON WITH THE WORDSWORTH CIRCLE (Oxford University Press) issued in 1927. He will get considerable information, couched in interesting fashion, also, in Ernest de Selincourt's DOROTHY WORDSWORTH (Oxford University Press), and in Frank V. Morley's DOROTHY WORDSWORTH: HER BOOK (Houghton Mifflin). Of course Dorothy Wordsworth's own JOURNALS (Macmillan) is the ultimate authority for anything on the relations of her brother and his friends.

A GRAMMAR AND STYLE-BOOK

D. T., of Washington, D. C., wants "a recent grammar, textbook or otherwise, something suitable for brushing up; also, something as a guide for preparing manuscripts."

In response to the first half of her request we suggest GRAMMAR FOR COMPOSITION (Scott, Foresman), by Charles Henshaw Ward (yes, the Hen-Ward of EVOLUTION FOR JOHN DOE), and the second, STYLE-BOOK FOR WRITERS AND EDITORS (Crowell), by C. O. Sylvester Mawson.

MORE FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Donald Porter Geddes of the Columbia University Press suggests that to the list of books on Greece which we mentioned in a recent issue we might add a volume published by his press, Professor La Rue Van Hook's GREEK LIFE AND THOUGHT, A PORTRAYAL OF GREEK CIVILIZATION. Lawrence P. Dodge offers as an addition to our list of college stories Flandrau's *Diary of a Freshman* which he says is better than *Harvard Episodes* which we noted. W. O. Kinsolving of Calvary Church, Summit, N. J. (in which town we always take a personal interest having lived most of the years of our childhood there), advises A. H. R. of Marblehead, Mass., who wanted metaphysical interpretations of the Garden of Eden story, to read the first part of T. F. Powys's AN INTERPRETATION OF GENESIS (Viking), and is kind enough to say that he is willing to send his copy of it to A. H. R. to read, or to sell it to him second-hand. To go back to college stories. W. L. Werner sends us the following list, qualifying his suggestions by calling them college stories, "more or less." Alice Brown's DEAR OLD TEMPLETON, Willa Cather's PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, Dorothy Canfield Fisher's THE BENT TWIG, Robert Herrick's CHIMES (University of Chicago), Jesse Lynch Williams's ADVENTURES OF A FRESHMAN and other books (Princeton), Percy Marks's THE PLASTIC AGE, the Montrosses' TOWN AND GOWN (short stories on the University of Illinois). John Dos Passos's STREETS OF NIGHT (Harvard — suppressed), Sinclair Lewis's ARROWSMITH, ELMER GANTRY, ANN VICKERS, all have chapters on college life, and Ernest Poole's THE HARBOR has good college chapters. Kathleen Millay's WALLS, Mary Lapsley's Vassar novel, Wanda Fraiken Neff's LONE VOYAGERS (faculty), and Jean Webster's DADDY LONG-LEGS (Vassar) cover the women's colleges.

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FOR RENT: July: Shabby dear old house in Vermont hills. Simply furnished. No electricity, plumbing or radio. Spring gurgles in pantry. View beggars description. Infinitesimal village one mile. Lake two miles. No movies. Four bedrooms. Tent in orchard. $20.00 weekly. References exchanged. Box 672.

WHY BE LONELY? Enclose stamp. Box 434, Spokane, Washington.

TWO young people would enjoy meeting new friends with general interests. Box 673.

CRAVES mother or father complex. Who will gamble on adopting weary San Francisco young man? Complete surrender. Box 674.

MANHATTAN bachelor, bored with present contacts, desires to meet an intelligent woman, who is interested in the country, books, conversation and occasional bridge. Box 675.

MY EARS are well equipped for sympathetic listening, especially to widower 40-50, ready for new friendships and exchange of references. Current affairs, arts and ideas can supply good basis for correspondence or conversation between such a man and amiable, intelligent young woman. Box 676.

LYING IDLE: Baby grand piano. I will tune it if you with the violin, voice, or ten fingers care to practice duets. Technique rusty but taste unimpaired. Cambridge locale. Box 677.

IS THERE a good piano looking for a good home? Lovely ten year old girl knows mother does not earn enough to otherwise discard wreck long beyond reclaim. Box 678.

SCHOOLMAN will chauffeur summer travelers for expenses. Hermes.

SPORTSMAN'S RETREAT—320 tumbled, rill-cut, acres on far northern California coast, reached from the cathedraled Red Wood Highway. Fishing, shooting, unexcelled. Box 1049, Tacoma, Washington. Will liquidate at sacrifice.

YOUNG MAN, thirty, Protestant, now teaching, lover of nature, travel, poetry, biographies, desires companionship young women; type that graced Goodwin's fireside in Maurois' "Aerial". Thirty.

MALE concert pianist would exchange piano or coaching lessons in German, French and English for Italian or Spanish conversation. Companionable young lady preferred. Write Box 679.

UNIVERSITY MAN, young, cultured New Yorker, literary; artistic ability, publishing experience, author's, editor's assistant, or anything. Box 680.

PERSONALS

IS THERE a girl in New York between 20 and 27, who likes hiking, fencing, dancing, books, music, but is not too good at any of them? Allan.

WANTED: Philadelphia woman to share nicely furnished, roomy apartment, near University, with cultured business woman, thirty, congenial. $20 a month. Box 683.

PUBLISHER of small national magazine would like to communicate with party interested in partnership. Capital investment required. Box 684.

BUSINESS EDUCATOR who developed a new plan of business and professional training which is now operating throughout the United States would like to meet responsible party interested in furthering such an adult training movement. Box 685.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN with a pleasing personality and a sense of humor, who believes that Life Begins at Forty, wishes to correspond with a cultured man, who thinks the same. Box 686.

LIBERAL, isolated, needs occasional stimulating correspondence with unattached gentleman 35-50 with broad interests, quiet humor, must find life good. "Annette."

GENTLEMAN, fortyish, becoming rather fed up with the search for profit under existing conditions would welcome opportunity to travel in capacity of companion, tutor for boys or as general man of affairs. College graduate, served as Colonel in the Army, and has the best of cultural and social antecedents. No dependents. Box 687.

WOULD anyone rescue a tattered but dauntless international honeymoon by giving employment? Facing immediate starvation while editors ponder. Husband: writer, published articles; Japanese translations; wife, American, collaborator, ex-college German instructor, experienced French and German translations. Anything, city, country.
TENACIOUS.

TITLED! Well-to-do widow! Bored with society. Simply looking for a fine mentality. Box 690.

YOUNG WOMAN—New Yorker, attractive, tired of foolish young men, would like to meet refined middle age man. Box 691.

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DID ANYONE get an answer from "Englishman in West Indies"—I didn't. YANKEE in Trinidad.

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The New Books

(*Continued from page 693*)

in a rough-and-ready crew of half a dozen men, doesn't quite appear. But she hiked and climbed with the rest, poked about in the dirt with her machete to good effect while the others were digging for Indian relics, once almost pulled in a shark all by herself, and on that great night on the beach, when, after many days of hard work, they celebrated with turtle steaks and rum-punch, she emptied her mug with the others and after somebody had struck up the ancient ballad, "The buccaneers have hairy ears, and leather shirts and breeches," had the temerity to demand more grog and to ask Mr. Mitchell-Hedges "what comes after 'shirts and breeches'?"

No small part of the narrative is made up of a youngish maiden lady's almost ecstatic enthusiasm at escaping from so-called civilization. And Miss Houlson is so obviously sincere that she makes the reader share this enthusiasm and want to set sail at once for the Isles de la Bahia. The latter, it should be explained, are very interesting, indeed—little forgotten arcadias in the Caribbean, just off the Honduras banana-country, near enough to be within easy reach of the United Fruit Company steamers and yet so little visited that they might be in the remotest South Seas. The novel thing about them is that they were settled on a couple of centuries or so ago by English and other buccaneers who have handed down their names and diluted European blood to this day. Also they were evidently the home of pre-historic civilizations as well as hiding-places for seventeenth century pirates, and are full of fascinating potteries, as well as snakes, bats, and all sorts of queer tropical fish. Miss Houlson only skirts the edges of the scientific side of the adventure, leaving that, no doubt, for the museums who assisted it and for "My Chief."

Brief Mention

A new book by Otto E. Plath, *Bumble Bees and Their Ways* (Macmillan, $4) is a popular account based on a wide and accurate knowledge. * * * Macmillan's have also published *The Celebrated Manor of the Washingtons* by H. Clifford Smith, an architectural and historical account, illustrated. * * * An interesting contribution to the less known aspects of war is Ella Lonn's *Salt as a Factor in the Confederacy* (Published by the author, Goucher College, $3). This is a thesis upon the importance of a basic commodity in the waging of a war.

Latest Books Received

BIOGRAPHY

William Guggenheim. G. Williams. New York: Lone Voice Publishing Co. $2.50.

DRAMA

From the Life of George Emery Blum. V. Geddes. Brookfield, Conn.: Brookfield Players. $2. *The Handwriting on the Wall.* J. L. Bohnert.

HISTORY

The Secession Movement in Virginia, 1847-1861. H. T. Shanks. Richmond: Garrett & Massie. $3.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Defense of the Forward Seat. V. S. Littauer and S. N. Kournakoff. New York: Boots and Saddles Riding School. *Cornish Homes and Customs.* A. K. Hamilton Jenkin. Dutton. $2.50. *The Old Waldorf-Astoria Bar Book.* A. S. Crockett. Dodd. $1.75. *Water Gardens and Goldfish.* R. V. Sawyer and E. H. Perkins. Dodd. $2.

SCIENCE

The Story of Energy. M. Mott-Smith. Appleton. $2.

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞The always delightful *Book Scorpion,* an occasional galley of chat from the Hampshire Bookshop, Northampton, Mass., remarks that every now and then a Quaker meeting is held in the bookshop —and that "it always leaves a faint hovering of spiritual thought which is cumulative." Those who are on the mailing list of the *Scorpion* always find it interesting, courageous, and full of clear ideas. Of Elizabeth Cambridge's *The Sycamore Tree* the Scorpion ejaculates "The best book out of England this Spring." ☞Covici-Friede have an excellent list for this summer, starting with Diego Rivera's *Portrait of America.* In the past two and a half years Rivera has painted over seventy frescoes in this country; this book contains 60 reproductions including full views and details of some of the most important paintings, notably those in the New Workers' School. The now famous story of the destroyed fresco at Rockefeller Center is told by Rivera himself. ☞Horace R. Stahl sends us a clipping from the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* giving the bad news that Miner's famous bookstore in that city is to close. Mr. Miner was killed by an automobile three months ago. The store was a favorite meeting place of booklovers in St. Louis. ☞The Holliday Book Shop (49 East 49) remarks in its latest bulletin that William Faulkner's "The Hound" (in the volume *Dr. Martino*) is "a masterpiece of the macabre which will remain in the front rank of essays in pure horror."

☞Old Quercus is very fond of the Cranberry Rye Bread put up in little cellophane envelopes at the White Horse Inn, 114 West 45 Street, and wonders why he never sees it anywhere else? ☞45th Street is famous for gastric specialties: the Mermaids are very keen about the Crepes Suzette at the Hotel St. James. The Mermaids also report that they were also much interested in watching a team of English choir boys on tour, who were sitting at an adjoining table, ordering their lunch with much dignity and chirping some beautiful broad A's. ☞Schulte's latest catalogue (80 Fourth Avenue, New York) reveals the fact that the last man hanged in chains in England (in 1834) was a bookbinder. This is stated in Hartshorne's *Capital Punishment,* London, 1891. ☞Schulte also offers for $15 one of the few remaining copies of the Authors' Club *Liber Scriptorum*—autographed by 117 scribes. ☞We had not known, till we saw *It's a Small World: All About Midgets* by Bodin and Hershey, that Chaucer was "one of the great men who just missed being midgets." That explains a number of humorous self-allusions in Chaucer's poems. ☞The famous James brothers, Henry and William, had a sister, Alice. Her diary, containing many brisk anecdotes of famous persons, is announced for publication by Dodd, Mead. ☞Lovers of E. Nesbit recall that May 4th was the tenth anniversary of her death. ☞The New York Rugby Football Club has been making a big push to popularize the English game over here. In their latest bulletin they describe "the general principles of the set scrum." If we change the word *ball* to *book* it sounds exactly like the technique of literary criticism. For instance:—*Pushing as one unit the instant the book enters the scrum; every man watching the passage of the book through the scrum, breaking up quickly immediately it is clear* . . . . in too many instances forwards just rush in blindly, kicking and hacking whoever happens to be in the way. ☞Mr. A. G. Baker, head of the Merriam Company (publishers of the Webster's Dictionaries) is a lover of the old French verse forms (ballade, rondeau, villanelle, etc.) and considers they have lately fallen into neglect. This we learn from Merriam's always interesting monthly pamphlet, *Word Study,* which is sent gratis to teachers and students of English who request it.

☞Mr. H. C. Wyld, of the Society of Pure English, remarks that Lexicographer Vizetelly's account of "the Oxford voice" and other singularities of English phonetics "appear to me to be a travesty of the facts." ☞Mr. Thayer Cumings writes that he feels an urge to settle Old Quercus's doubts about pronouncing Moët & Chandon. "The word is pronounced like *Moette* said quickly. Sort of like *Mwette.*" ☞The Century of Progress Publishing Co., Lock Haven, Pa., says: "We are taking the liberty to forward herewith the first of four books covering the Bible in chronological stream-lined order."

If you want to read a perfectly delightful detective novel of murder and mystery, by all means get the new book—and latest Crime Club Selection—by Stuart Palmer, of which the N. Y. Times says, "Miss Hildegarde Withers is one of the world's shrewdest and most amusing detectives. Those who have not already made her acquaintance **should make haste to do so,**" and of which Will Cuppy writes in the Herald-Tribune, 'More **perfect deducing** by Miss Hildegarde Withers."

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